

ANALYSIS

OF THE

PADUMĀWATI.

CANTO I.

THE INVOCATION.

Praise of God, the Creator of the universe (1), and of all that is therein, (2); the maker of men and of all that man hath, (3); of pairs of opposites (4). His bounty (5), and might (6). He is an everlasting mystery, neither made nor created nor begotten (7). He is omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent, neither discrete nor indiscrete (8). He hath endowed man with many blessings, of which he cannot gauge the length or breadth or height (9). His wondrous works are indescribable (10). He made one man for the salvation of the world, the prophet Muḥammad (11), who had four friends, Abū Bakr Ḥiddīq, 'Umar, 'Uṣmān, and 'Alī (12). Shēr Shāh Sūr is Sultan of Delhi. His might (13), valour (14), justice (15), comeliness (16), and generosity (17). Praise of Saiyad Ashraf Jahāngīr, the poet's spiritual ancestor (18), and his two descendants Shekh Ḥāji, and Shekh Mubārak (19). Praise of Muḥīn'd-dīn, the poet's spiritual preceptor and his spiritual descent from Saiyad Ashraf Jahāngīr (20). The poet's description of himself as blind of one eye. He is grateful to God for all his mereies (21). He had four friends, Malik Yūsuf, Salār Khādīm, Miyā Salōnē, and Shēkh Baḍē (22). Filled with poetic inspiration he came to Jāyas, and studied rhetoric under paṇḍits (23); and in the year 1540 A. D., began to write the poem of Ceylon, of Padmāvati, of Ratna Sēna, of 'Alāu'd-dīn, of Rāghava Caitanya, and the siege of Citaur (24).

CANTO II.

DESCRIPTION OF SIMHALA-DVĪPA.

I describe Simhala, best of all the seven *dvīpas* (25). Gandharva Sēna was its king. No king ever was so mighty (26). The *dvīpa* is covered with cool orchards, throwing inviting shade (27). Its fruit-

trees (28). The singing of the birds (29). Its wells and springs, surrounded by holy men of various sects (30). Its tanks (31), the maidens who draw water therefrom (32), the birds that resort thereto (33). The fruit gardens (34), and flower gardens (35). The chief city, Sīmhala (36). Its streets and markets (37), its courtesan quarter (38), the bazārs (39). The citadel, its height (40), its strength (41), its guards and the regularity with which they are changed (42). Its two rivers Nira and Kṣīra, and the spring of Mōtī Cūra. Its golden tree with magic fruit which gives new youth (43). The four captains of the citadel and their quarters (44). The doorway of the royal palace, with the elephants there (45), the royal stables and horses (46), the royal court (47). The palace buildings (48), the female apartments. The Chief Queen was Rānī Campāvati (49).¹ She becomes pregnant (50), and a girl is born (51). The naming-ceremony of the 6th night after birth. The Paṇḍits declare her name to be Padmāvati (52). The astrologers bless her and go home. She grows up of perfect beauty and at the same time learned. Kings of all countries demand her in marriage but are refused (53). She becomes twelve years of age, and the king hearing that she is fit for marriage, builds her a magnificent palace, and gives her damsels to bear her company. She obtains a very learned parrot named Hīrāmaṇi, and studies the gāstras and vēdas with him. Brahmā himself nodded his head as he heard the parrot's explanations (54). Padmāvati becomes *apta viro*. Her charms (55). The King, hearing that the parrot gives wisdom to Padmāvati, becomes enraged, and orders it to be killed, that it may not eclipse its pupil. The barber and torch bearer run to kill it, but the Princess hides it, and sends a respectful remonstrance to the king, 'the parrot is only a bird. It loves food and flying, and speaks by rote' (56). The parrot thanks the princess, and says there is no escape from an angry master (57). The Princess replies, 'I cannot bear to lose thee, my darling parrot' (58).

CANTO III.

THE BATHING.

On a certain festival Padmāvati and her damsels go to bathe in a lake. Description of the various damsels (59). They play on the bank of the lake, and call upon the princess to be happy while she may (60). They disrobe (61). They bathe (62). They sport (62a).² A damsel loses her necklace in the water. They all dive for it (63). The

¹ In some copies a new canto commences here.

² Rām Jasan gives two stanzas the same number, 62.

lake, at the contact of their beauty, becomes clear and the necklace is found (64).

CANTO IV.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE PARROT.

While Padmāvati was thus sporting, a maidservant went into her palace to steal her flowers and betel to give to a lover. The parrot remonstrates (64*a*).¹ The maid in a rage twists the parrot's neck, plucks him, and shuts him up in an earthen pot (64*b*). The parrot's reflections and self-reproaches. He considers what is best to be done (64*c*). The maid takes the vessel and throws it and the parrot down a well in the forest. The parrot as he is thrown calls upon God (64*d*). He has hardly finished his prayer when he sees a fig tree hanging over the well. He climbs into it, finds it full of fruit and thanks God. His feathers grow again (64*e*).² He flies away, and happens on a part of the forest where the birds treat him with great respect. He praises God (65).

When Padmāvati returns, the major-domo tells her that a cat had come into the house, and that the parrot had flown away from the cage. Her grief. She orders search to be made (66). Her maidens assure her that the search is hopeless (67).

When the parrot has rested a few days in the forest, his fellow birds see a hunter, hidden under a screen of leaves, approaching. Smitten with terror at the apparently moving tree they fly away, but the parrot who is absorbed in contemplation, is struck by the bird catcher's five-pronged rod, and caught by the bird-lime attached to it (68). The hunter breaks his wings and thrusts him into a cage with other birds, they ask him how a wiseacre like him has been caught (69). The parrot explains that it was his own fault. He had become happy and careless, and pride goes before a fall (70). The birds comfort him. They agree that the hunter should not be blamed for catching them, but their own stupidity and greed (71).

CANTO V.

CITAU.

Citra Sēna is king of Citaur. His son is Ratna Sēna. Astrologers promise great things for him. Ho will go to Siṃhala-dvīpa and

¹ From 64(*a*) to 64(*e*) is an interpolation, found only in some copies of very small authority. The style is different from that of the rest of the poem.

² The ordinary editions insert a line here making the parrot escape from his cage in Padmāvati's house.

bring back a lovely treasure (72). Some merchants of Citaur start for Siṃhala-dvīpa to purchase goods. One of them is a poor Brāhman, who starts with borrowed capital. Prices of things in Siṃhala-dvīpa are so high, that he cannot afford to buy anything (73). The others return home with their purchase, and he is left lamenting (74). The hunter brings the parrot for sale in the market. The Brāhman sees it, and asks it if it is learned (75). The parrot replies that when he was free he was learned, but he has lost his knowledge, otherwise how could he be in a cage and hawked in a bazār (76). The hunter and the Brāhman converse. The latter purchases the parrot, and overtakes his companions on the way to Citaur (77). In the meantime Ratna Sēna has succeeded his father Citra Sēna on the throne, news is brought to him of the arrival of merchants from Siṃhala-dvīpa, and amongst them a Brāhman with a wonderful parrot (78). The Brāhman is sent for, brings the parrot, saying he had not intended to sell it, but his belly must be filled and he is poor (79). The parrot introduces himself to the king and praises his own qualifications. Says his name is Hirāmañi, and that he lived formerly with Padmāvati (80). The king purchases the parrot for a lakh of rupees, and is pleased with its wisdom. He becomes fond of it, and learns much from it (81).

CANTO VI.

THE PARROT AND THE KING.

One day the King goes out hunting, and his chief-queen, Nāgamatī, adorns herself, and, being filled with vanity at her reflection in a mirror, asks the parrot if any one in the world is so beautiful as she (82). The parrot remembering the beauty of Padmāvati, looks in the Queen's face and laughs. He says all the women of Siṃhala are more beautiful. She becomes angry (83), and considers that if the parrot is allowed to remain in the palace, the king will hear of their beauty, and will fall in love with them and turn a Yōgī. She calls a maidservant, says parrots are treacherous things, and orders it to be killed (84). The maidservant goes to do so, but pauses to consider that the king is fond of the learned bird, and will be sure to ask for it (85), so she only hides it. When the king returns from his hunt he does ask for it. The Queen says a cat has carried it away. 'It was an impudent bird. I asked about the women of Siṃhala, and it called me a Nāginī (snake), and said I was not as beautiful as they. The parrot was pretty but unbearable like a too heavy golden ear-ring' (86). The king is angry, and maintains that the parrot was learned and wise (87). The Queen is afflicted at the king's anger. She goes to the maidservant and laments

(88). The maidservant says the Queen has brought it on herself by being angry. Anger is a bad thing (89). When the Queen is utterly downcast, she returns the parrot to the king, saying to the king that she only wished to test him. She consoles him (90). The king adjures the parrot to tell the truth about his history (91). The parrot says, I am *Hirāmaṇi*, the parrot of *Padmāvati*, Princess of Ceylon, a lady of peerless beauty (92). The king's curiosity is excited. He asks for further particulars about *Padmāvati*, and says he would like to go to *Siṃhala* (93). Parrot describes the charms of *Siṃhala* and its women. Its king *Gandharva Sēna* and his lovely daughter *Padmāvati* (94). The king asks the parrot to say all this over again. It complies, and the king becomes enamoured of *Padmāvati* from the parrot's description (95). The parrot warns the king, that the way of love is hard, and may cost him his life. 'Learn wisdom from the cry of the peacock, "I die, I die," *mueṅ, mueṅ*, for he hath given himself up to love.' So also other animals are shown as a warning:—the lizard, the ringdove, and the partridge (96). The King replies that he knows that the path of love is hard at the beginning, but he will dare all for the sake of *Padmāvati*. He asks the parrot for a complete account of every feature of his beloved, in the form of a *nakh'sikh* (97).

CANTO VII.

A TALE OF BEAUTY (THE NAKH'SIKH).

The parrot describes *Padmāvati*'s hair (98), and its parting (99), her forehead (100), eyebrows (101), eyes (102), eyelashes (103), nose (104), lips (105), teeth (106), voice (107), cheeks (108), ears (109), neck (110), arms (111), bosom (112), belly (113), back (114), waist (115), navel (116) and thighs (117).

CANTO VIII.

THE KING'S PASSION.

The King is thrown into a fever by this description of *Padmāvati*'s beauty, and lies senseless (118). His relations and friends come with doctors. They diagnose the disease as the same as that from which *Lakṣmaṇa* suffered when struck by *Rāvaṇa*'s arrow, but the magic root which alone cures the disease is not available. They recommend that it should be searched for regardless of cost (119). The King revives, but only raves unintelligently, or cries like a newborn child. He complains that he has been brought back from the city of immortality to that of mortality. He asks to die (120). They remonstrate, and say it

is useless to fight with fate. 'Thy love is unattainable, therefore do not yearn for it' (121). The parrot gives similar advice. 'Thou canst not conquer Siṃhala by force of arms. The way is difficult, and can only be traversed by Ascetics, Sannyāsīs, Yōgīs and the like. Thou could'st not bear the discomforts of such a life. An ascetic who doth not practise austerities hath no success (122). No success can be gained without austerities, and thy body is besieged by the thieves of thy passions; awake, fool, ere they steal all that thou hast' (123). The king, aroused by these remonstrances, discovers that he is involved in the darkness of ignorance, and that without a (spiritual) guide he cannot find his way to Padmāvati (*i.e.* wisdom) (124). His Hindū friends remonstrate, but he refuses to hear them; without a guide (or *guru*), he can do nothing (125). He gives up his kingdom, becomes a Yōgī, and puts on the ascetic dress (126). The astrologers say it is not a lucky day for starting. He retorts that in love-matters, no one considers lucky times or hours. They are for people who are in possession of their senses. 'Doth a *satī* ask if it is a lucky day when she mounteth the funeral pyre? I must start on my quest. Do ye all return to your homes' (127). The captains of his army call upon all to accompany him to Siṃhala, after providing themselves with necessaries (128).

CANTO IX.

THE FAREWELL.

The King's mother implores the king to stay (129). He asks her not to tempt him from the right way. 'Earthly joys are fleeting. My *guru* hath ordered me to journey to Siṃhala. Farewell' (130). Nāgamatī weeps. 'Let me go with thee, as Sitā did with Rāma. Thou wilt find no Padminī as beautiful as I am' (131). He replies, 'When Sitā accompanied Rāma, Rāvaṇa carried her off. I cannot take thee and be a Yōgī. See how Rāja Bhartṛihari left sixteen hundred wives, when he took to a life of mortification,' saying this he starts on his journey (132). His mother weeps. So also his Queens. They break their ornaments. Nine maunds of pearls and ten maunds of crystal bracelets are destroyed. At first there was a great confused sound, and then all was silence (133).

CANTO X.

THE LAND JOURNEY.

The king departs from the city, the people hear of it. Sixteen thousand knights accompany him. They all become Yōgīs, and take

the salmon-coloured vestments (134). The good omens at departure. Girls with full waterpots; Goālins crying 'bny my tyre;' flower-girls with garlands; *khañjan* birds seated on snakes' heads; deer to the right, and door-keepers to the left; dark-coloured bullocks lowing on the right, and jackals motionless on the left; white quails in the sky to the left, and foxes coming out and showing themselves; crows on the left, and owls on the right. Vyāsa has promised success to him who sets out with omens such as these (135). He sets out and says, 'Let to-day be a short stage. To-morrow we must take the long journey (*i.e.*, to-day we live, to-morrow we die). There are mountains and rivers to be crossed, with robbers lurking in the bye-ways. He who goeth steadily forward at ten *kōs* a day will arrive safely (136). Go carefully along the road, picking your way, with sandals on your feet. The road is rough and thorny. On the right lies Bidar¹ (Vidarbhā) and on the left Candēri, one road goes to Sindhala-dvīpa and another to Lanḱā (*sic*)' (137). Then says the parrot, 'Let him be guide who knoweth the way. Can the blind lead the blind?' So they asked the way of Vijaya-giri, King of Vijayanagara. He says, 'Behind are Kunda and Gōlā (Golconda (?)). Leave on the left (?) Ādhiāra Khaṭōla. To the south on the right lieth Tiliṅga, and directly to the north is the Karahakaṭaṅgā (? Karnātak).² Midway is the main gate of Ratnapura (Kāncī), and to the left is the hill of Jhārakhaṇḍa (Baij'nāth). To the left front is Orissa, and cross ye the sea to the south' (138). They wander through the forest, and sleep on the ground, the King alone waking through the night, playing on his five-stringed lute, and with his eyes fixed on the road to Padmāvatī (139). After a month's journey they come to the sea-shore. King Gajapati approaches and asks who they are. Ratna Sēna asks for boats (140). Gajapati agrees, but warns him of the danger of the passage. 'There are seven seas to cross, *viz.*—the Kṣāra,³ the Kṣīra, the Dadhi, the Udadhi, the Snrā-jala, the Kilakilākūta (and the Mānasara). There is no one capable of crossing all' (141). The King replies, 'To one in love what is death? I am compelled to follow my path. I am a disciple of Raṅga Nātha (? Kṛiṣṇa, Ḷri-raṅga),

¹ The poet's strong point is certainly not Geography.

² All this is simply a tentative paraphrase. The readings have not been established yet. Paṇḍit Sindhākara Dvivedī suggests that the correct reading may be *hoi kara ekaṭaṅgā*, the fabulous land of one-legged men.

³ The enumeration of the Viṣṇu Purāṇa is Lavaṇa, Ikṣu, Surā, Ghṛita, Dadhi, Dugdha, Jala. *Kilakila* is the boiling sound of rushing water. *Kūta* is a *śhēṭh* word meaning 'uncertainty, guess.' *Akūta* means 'without uncertainty,' hence 'extreme.' *Kilakilākūta* is the extremely turbulent sea roaring with the boiling caused by subaqueous fire (*baḍavāgni*). The seventh or Mānasara sea is not mentioned till stanza 161. This last name is in direct contradiction to the Purāṇas. Note ² to stanza 2 above should be corrected according to the above list.

I must go where he leadeth me (142). The sea of love is deeper than any of the seven seas. I am not afraid of them (143). I welcome dangers. I have given away all that I have, perhaps God will pass me over in return' (144). Praise of charity (*dīyā*, with puns on *dīyā*, a thing given, *dīyā* a light, and *dīyā*, a continent) (145).

CANTO XI.

THE SHIP.

Gajapati seeing his warnings ineffectual gives fully equipped ships (146). They bring the ships to the shore. A minnow, the size of a mountain, appears. The knights express their devotion to the king (147). The boatmen laugh. 'Sea-fish are bigger than fresh-water ones. This is only a minnow. Wait till you see a salmon, which can swallow a thousand of these at one gulp. Then there is a bird, which can carry off a salmon in its beak' (148). They catch the minnow on a fish-line, with an elephant for bait. They pull it in, with difficulty, and it dies (149). Description of the vast size of the minnow. It is cut up and eaten. The knights again express their devotion, at the same time pointing out the dangers of the sea (150). He expresses his determination to go on in spite of dangers, till he finds Padmāvatī (151).

CANTO XII.

THE SEVEN OCEANS.

They embark, set sail and are tossed about. Faith in a spiritual preceptor leads one across all oceans. They cross the Kṣāra, (salt) sea (152). Description of the Kṣīra (milk) sea (153), of the Dadhi (tyre) sea (154), of the Udadhi (hot) sea (155), of the Surā (wine) sea (156), of the Kilakilākūta (boiling) sea. Its flames and whirlpool (157). Hīrāmaṇī, the parrot, explains that this is the most dangerous. It can only be crossed by the elcet, and on a path like a sword edge,¹ too narrow even for an ant. He who falls goes to hell. He who crosses safely gets heaven (158). The king gives the betel leaf (token of acceptance of a dangerous task by the recipient) to his followers and encourages them. He is determined to go on (159). The various ships of the fleet. How they fared. First goes the king's ship, and he is led by the parrot. They all pass the Kilakilākūta sea (160). They come to the seventh sea, the Mānasara. Description of this sea. Its delights (161).

¹ An adaptation of the well-known Muḥammadan legend.

CANTO XIII.

THE ARRIVAL AT SIMHALA-DVĪPA.

The king notices that the air is balmy (162). Hirāmaṇi congratulates him, and points out the chief town of Simhala-dvīpa (163). He points out the fort, and describes it, and its inaccessibility (164). 'Within it dwelleth Padmāvati. If thou desire to see her, follow my advice. On that glittering mountain is the temple of Mahādēva. In the latter fortnight of Māgha,¹ occurs the festival of the Ṣrī-Pañcamī (now called Vasanta Pañcamī). The doors of the temple are opened on that occasion and all the people go there to worship. Padmāvati will come to worship on that day, and then thou canst meet her. Do thou go and wait at the temple, and I will go to Padmāvati and ask her to come' (165). The king says he will climb to heaven if necessary, let alone a mountain. The higher he goes the better. Description of the advantages of elevated aims (166), and of the disadvantages of low aims (167). Hirāmaṇi starts for Padmāvati's palace, and the king for the mountain. The latter finds a golden temple there, with four doors, and, inside, four pillars. It is a popular place of pilgrimage, for the wishes of pilgrims are granted by it (168).

CANTO XIV.

THE GARDEN, THE GROVE, AND THE TEMPLE.

The king, escorted by 30,000 Yōgīs, circumambulates the temple, and prays for a sight of Padmāvati (169). A mysterious voice issues from the temple, in answer to his prayers. 'Love conquereth all. He who serveth a God with all his heart and soul, when the God is pleased, obtaineth the fruit of his service.' On hearing this the king seats himself at the eastern door as a Yōgī (170). There, seated on his tiger-skin, he does austerities, ever muttering the name 'Padmāvati, Padmāvati.' The eyes of his ecstatic sight are ever fixed on her vision. His very clothes are burned with the heat of his fever (171).

Padmāvati at this time, by a coincidence, falls into the toils of love. She passes restless nights, and burns with fever (172). Her condition further described. Her nurse asks her what is the matter with her (173). She describes her fevered state (174). The nurse warns her of the dangers of love (175). Padmāvati replies,—'The pangs of separation from a beloved one are intolerable' (176). Padmāvati not being comforted, the nurse consoles her, and recommends

¹ Note that the month is Pūrṇimānta. The Ṣrī Pañcamī is the 5th of the light half of Māgha.

virtue, (love, of course, means search for wisdom in the allegory), and patience. 'Just as one who restraineth his breath is a Yōgī, so she who restraineth her passions is a *satī*, a virtuous woman. The spring festival of Āṅgī-Pañcamī approacheth. Worship God on that day' (177). Till the day of the festival is reached, Padmāvati becomes more and more fevered (178). While she is in this condition, Hīrāmaṇi arrives. She embraces him and weeps. Her companions sympathize (179).

CANTO XV.

THE MEETING OF PADMĀVĀTĪ AND THE PARROT.

Padmāvati asks after the parrot's health, and why it had abandoned its cage. The Parrot replies, and tells the story of its escape. 'The hunter sold me to a Brāhman who took me to Jambu-dvīpa. There he took me to Citra Sēna, king of Citaur, who was succeeded by his son (180), named Ratna Sēna. He is all-perfect. I considered him a fit mate for thee, and praised thee to him (181). Fired by my description, he hath been filled with love for thee. He is become a Yōgī and come to Siṃhala with 16,000 knights as his disciples, beside other innumerable friends and companions, who make a crowd like a fair at the temple of Mahādēva. There he is watching for thee. Thou art the lotus and he is the bee' (182). Padmāvati pleased at the account. She becomes filled with pride. 'Who hath dared to put his hand in the lion's mouth? Who will dare to tell my father? Who in the world is fit to be my husband?' (183). The parrot insists that Ratna is a golden jewel, and is worthy of her, and describes his pitiful condition (184). Padmāvati affected by the description. 'Let me go and see him burning thus. Yet gold improves by burning. I am to blame for this burning. I will visit him. The festival of spring approacheth. I will go to the temple on pretence of worshipping' (185). She rewards the parrot, who prepares to fly away. She taxes him with faithlessness. He says he must return and give the news to Ratna, who is anxiously awaiting him (186). He comes to Ratna, and tells him the news. 'I have met the Guru Gōrākṣanātha,¹ and he (she) sent a gracious message. The Guru is like the black bee,² and the disciple like the fly. That fly alone meeteth the bee, which is ready to give up its life for one meeting.

¹ Here Padmāvati (wisdom) is shown as the supreme preceptor of all Yōgīs, Gōrākṣanātha.

² The Bhrīṅga, or potter-bee, devours insects and they are born again as Bhrīṅgas. It is now-a-days called the *kumhariyā*, *bilanī*, or *bisundharī*.

The Guru hath shown great kindness to thee, and hath given thee knowledge in a new incarnation. Thou wilt live by thy death, and the Bhramara-bee will find the lotus, and drink its nectar. The spring time cometh, and then the bee findeth the nectar. The Yōgī who fully beareth austerities obtaineth final success.' (187).

CANTO XVI.

THE SPRING FESTIVAL.

The festival of the Āṛī-Pañcamī comes on. Padmāvati summons her companions to attend her to the temple of Mahādēva (188). They assemble with music, and in gay dresses. All princesses, and of perfect beauty. It is spring time, and they are like spring themselves (189). She starts. Her retinue of various castes (190). Continuation of names of castes (191). They rejoice amongst themselves (192). The fruit they take with them (193). The flowers (194). The musical instruments. They dance as they go (195). They arrive at the temple. The Gods, seeing them, are astonished, and say they must be nymphs escaped from heaven. Other Gods give other similar explanations (196). Padmāvati enters the temple. She makes her offering of flowers and fruit, and prays. 'All my companions are married. I alone am a maiden. Give me a husband' (197). Mahādēva being struck senseless by her beauty¹ gives no answer. A mysterious voice tells her this. Padmāvati complains that it is no use praying to Gods like him (198). Just then a companion comes and tells her that she has seen at the eastern door of the temple a remarkable Yōgī, who looks like a prince (199). She goes to see him. Their eyes meet. He falls senseless with love (200). Padmāvati sprinkles sandal on him to revive him. He does not wake. So, with the sandal, she writes on his chest over his heart, 'Thou hast not learned the art of asking alms. When the damsel came thou didst fall asleep. How canst thou get thy living? If the sun (*i.e.*, thou) be enamoured of the moon (*i.e.*, me), it climbeth to the seventh heaven (*i.e.*, the seventh story of the castle).' She departs with her companions (201). They leave the hill. Lamentations of the Gods at their departure. They are all dead (202). Padmāvati enters the palace, sleeps, and dreams a wonderful dream. She asks her friends to interpret it (203). They interpret it as meaning her marriage (204).

¹ Padmāvati's 'fatal beauty' has this effect on every one who sees her for the first time. So Ratna (200), Rāghava (489), and 'Alāu'd-dīn (609).

CANTO XVII.

THE AUSTERITIES OF RATNA SĒNA.

Ratna Sēna awakes from his faint. His desolation at finding Padmāvati gone (205). The very sandal on his chest burns him (206). His lamentations (207). He complains of Mahādēva not answering his prayers. Mahādēva is a mere stone. There is no good in watering a rock (208). Mahādēva explains that he himself was struck senseless at Padmāvati's beauty, and could not help (209). Ratna admits the justice of the excuse. He gives up, and prepares for death (210). He arranges to burn himself to death on a pyre lit by the fire (of separation) which consumes him. The Gods fear that the intense heat will consume the universe (211). Hanumān, who was the guardian of the mountain, goes and warns Pārvatī and Mahēṣa.¹ 'I, who burned up Laṅkā, am about to be burned by this Yōgī' (212).

CANTO XVIII.

PĀRVATĪ AND MAHĒṢA.

Mahēṣa, Pārvatī, and Hanumān haste to the temple. They remonstrate with Ratna on the dangers of a general conflagration (213). Ratna accuses Mahēṣa of wantonly causing his death, and tells of his hopeless love for Padmāvati. As he says this, the fire of his woe blazes up still more furiously, and, had not Mahēṣa extinguished it with nectar, the whole world would have been burnt (214). Pārvatī determines to test his passion if it is real or not. She takes the form of a celestial nymph, and tempts him (215). He withstands the temptation (216). Pārvatī recognizes the love as genuine, and recommends Mahādēva to grant him his desire (217). The king recognizes them as Gods (or perfected ones) (*śiddha*), for flies do not settle on their body, they do not wink, they throw no shadow, and suffer neither from hunger nor from illusion. Judging from his appearance, this must be Mahēṣa. Without a Guru no one finds the path, and without Gorakṣanātha, no Yōgī obtains perfection (*śiddhi*) (218). He falls at Mahēṣa's feet, and weeps floods of tears (219). The universe is flooded: Mahēṣa consoles him. Advises him,—'Until the burglar breaks into the house, he gets no booty. The fort of Siṃhala has seven stories, no one returns alive who once sets foot upon it' (220). Description of the fort, being at the same time a metaphorical description of the human body. At the foot of the fort is a tank with subterranean gallery. Thou must dive into the tank and enter by this, as a thief enters a house by a mine (221).

¹ The poet identifies Mahēṣa and Mahādēva as the same person.

The tenth or inmost door (*i.e.*, internal perception)¹ is only to be approached by mystical suppression of breath,² and by suppression of self. He who doeth this, understandeth that the 'Ego' is all in all, and alone existeth. He is himself both teacher and pupil, life and death, body and soul (222).

CANTO XIX.

THE ENVIRONMENT OF THE CASTLE.

Ratna having thus received instruction in perfection (*siddhi*) from Mahēṣa, offers thanks to Gaṇēṣa, and, under Mahēṣa's advice, the Yōgīs surround the castle. As a thief first examines a house before attacking it, so intend they to dig a mine. The gates are closed, and the King is informed that an army of Yōgīs is surrounding the fort. He sends messengers to find out the truth (223). The messengers come to Ratna and ask if they are Yōgīs or merchants. Directs them to go to a distance from the fort. The King will be angry. 'If ye be merchants, do your traffic and depart. If ye be Yogis, finish your begging and go' (224). Ratna replies. 'I am come to beg, and will take what the King giveth. Padmāvati is the daughter of the king, I have become Yōgī for her, and am come here to beg for her' (225). The messenger is angry. Threatens Ratna. 'If the king hear he will let elephants loose on thee, will fire thunderbolts at thee. Thou art demanding a thing thou canst not even see. Art thou mad?' (226.) Ratna replies,—'I am a Yōgī, and can but do what becometh my profession. Thy power is in the elephants of Siṅhala, and mine in the elephant of my Guru. He can destroy thine elephants, and turn mountains into dust' (227). The messenger returns and reports Ratna's words to the king. The latter is enraged, and orders the Yōgīs to be killed. The prime minister remonstrates. 'If thou kill them, they are but beggars; and if thou art defeated, thou wilt be disgraced. Let them remain below the fort. How many Yōgīs have come and gone. Leave them alone, and they will have to go away for want of food' (228). Ratna wonders why the messenger does not return. He writes a letter to Padmāvati, and sends it to her by the parrot (229), with a verbal message, recalling their former meeting (230), and describing his woes (231). He ties the letter with a golden thread to the parrot's neck. The latter carries it to Padmāvati. Her lamentable condition (232). She addresses the parrot, and laments her separation. The parrot

¹ In the previous stanza, the nine openings of the body are described as doors, and the tenth door is internal perception.

² One of the exercises of Yōgī austerities.

replies,—‘The Yōgī whom thou sawest at the temple of Mahādēva is distraught for thee. He doth nought but murmur thy name’ (233). His sufferings. ‘His life-blood is reddening the whole world.’ Her cruelty in not returning the love (234). ‘When thou didst sport at the spring festival, thou didst mix the vermilion of thy forehead with his blood. He wept, and would have burnt himself upon a pyre had not Mahēça and Parvātī intervened. They extinguished the fire and showed him the road,—the road that leadeth to death. The path of love is difficult. If a man climb it, heaven is at the top; if he fall on the way, he falleth into hell. His desire is now but to see thee, whether he receive consolation from thee or die hopeless. He hath sent a letter to thee. Now give the order whether he is to live or to die’ (235). He gives her the letter. Poetical description of the effect of the burning words contained in it (236). Padmāvati takes the letter, but doubts the sincerity of his love (237). She writes a letter in reply:—‘When I visited the temple, why didst thou not tie the marriage knot? Thou becamest senseless, and, for modesty, I could not speak before my companions. I threw sandal on thee, but thou didst not awake. Now he, who like the moon, climbeth the sky, and risketh his life, obtaineth his object (238). Other heroes have unavailingly aspired to my hand. I am queen Padmāvati. I live in the seventh heaven (or story of the castle). He will obtain me who first destroyeth himself (239). I am pleased at receiving thy letter. Dare greatly, and thou wilt obtain me’ (240).

Description of Ratna’s condition, while waiting for a reply to his letter. He is at the point of death, when the parrot arrives with Padmāvati’s letter, which was like medicine to him (241). He revives. The parrot gives him the letter and message of Padmāvati, *viz.*, ‘The Guru calleth his disciple quickly. She wisheth to make thee perfected. Come quickly. Life dwelleth in thy name. Thy way is within mine eyes, and thy place is within my heart’ (242). Ratna gets new life. His delight, and desire to obey her (243). He goes by the path which Mahēça had pointed out to him, and dives with his disciples into the tank at the foot of the fort.¹ He finds the door of the secret passage. He finds a zig-zag path, but it is morning when he commences to ascend the fort. There is a noise in the town that thieves have entered the castle (244). King Gandharva Sēna sends for his paṇḍits, and asks them what is the proper punishment for Yōgīs who do house-breaking. They reply, impalement (248). The Prime Minister warns the king to be careful. ‘Take care lest these Yōgīs be perfected ones (*śiddha*)’ (246). The king orders his army to assemble to seize the Yōgīs. The

¹ See 221.

portents which ensue (247). Ratna Sēna's companions wish to fight the army (248). Ratna Sēna dissuades them. He is ready to sacrifice himself (249). The king surrounds them. Ratna consoles them, and sings on his lute in honour of the Guru (250). 'I trust in my Guru and care not for what may happen (251). Padmāvati is my Guru, and I am her Cēlā. I am her slave' (252). Padmāvati fades away in Ratna's absence (253). She is heart-broken, her companions sympathize with her (254), and try to console her, but in vain (255).

CANTO XX.

THE CONSOLATION OF PADMĀVATĪ.

The companions console her (256). She laments, asks for poison. She calls for Hīrāmaṇi (257). The nurse brings him. He comforts her. She faints, and recovers (258). He continues; describes Ratna Sēna's condition (259). Hīrāmaṇi feels her pulse, and finds out that the creeper of love has really taken root in her heart. He describes to her the plant (260). Padmāvati expresses her trust in the parrot: asks him to bring about a meeting between her and her beloved (261). The parrot tells how Ratna had attempted to approach her, but as morning came before he had ascended, he had been seized and condemned to the stake (262). Padmāvati's consternation. 'If Ratna dies, I shall die too. I am no longer Gurn. He is Guru, and I am Cēlā' (263). The parrot replies,—'Although he is thy Cēlā, he is now perfected. Thy perfection hath gone to him, and his sorrows have come to thee. Ye are one in one. He cannot now be harmed by death' (264). She is comforted and tells the parrot to tell Ratna to give up asceticism and act as a king, for he is king of her heart (265).

CANTO XXI.

THE IMPALEMENT.

Ratna is led with his followers to the place of impalement. The people pity him and say he cannot be a Yōgī. He must be a prince in love. When he sees the stake he laughs. The people ask why (266). He replies that he is glad to die. He has wished for death. Asks that there may be no delay (267). They tell him to call the one he loves best to mind. He proclaims his love for Padmāvati (268).

The Yōgīs being in this danger, the throne of Mahādēva is shaken. He discusses with Pārvaṭī as to what had best be done. They disguise themselves as bards (bhāṭs) and go with Hanumān to the scene of execution and hide themselves. There Gandharva Sēna has a large army

(269). Ratna is calling to mind Padmāvatī, and thanking Māhōḥa, who showed him the way to her. Pārvatī moved to pity looks at Mahādēva. She asks Mahādēva to save him (270).

In the meantime Hirāmaṇi comes to Ratna with the message of Padmāvatī. Ratna Sēna rejoices at the message. The parrot, and, in sympathy with him, all the people, moved to tears. The parrot and the Bard (Mahādēva) agree to risk their lives, and go towards the king Gandharva Sēna (271). The Bard, seeing Gandharva Sēna, and unable to bear Ratna Sēna's ill-treatment, determines to be a man and risk his life. He approaches Gandharva Sēna, and salutes him and the court with his left hand. He says,—‘Yōgīs are water. Thou art fire. When these two fight, the fire is extinguished (272). This is not merely a Yōgī. He is a great king. If thou kill him there will be a tremendous battle, and every being will help him. When Mahādēva (his protector) rings his battle-bell, Brabmā, Vāsuki, and the eight elephants of the quarters will appear. Volcanoes will burst forth into action, and mountains will be rent into dust. Kṛiṣṇa will come, and a crowd from Indra's heaven, thirty-three crores of Gods and ninety-six cloud-armies. The ninety *nāthas*¹ and the eighty-four *siddhas* will come. Garuḍa and vultures will hover in the sky’ (273).

Gandharva Sēna asks,—‘Who is this insolent bard who salutes me with his left hand? Who is this Yōgī who comes to my palaece and enters it by a mine like a thief? Indra, Kṛiṣṇa, Brahmā, Vāsuki, the Earth, mount Mēru, the Moon, Sun and Sky, the clouds, the mundane tortoise all fear me. What fear I for all this?’ The Bard warns him to have a care (274). He quotes as an example the case of Rāvaṇa who was killed by two ascetics, Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa. Pride goes before a fall (275).

The Bard, seeing the king angry, comes forward humbly, and addresses him. ‘Bards are sacred persons. Bards are incarnations of Īṣvara. A Bard comes with his life in his hands. He is inviolable.’ The king asks why the Bard has been so insolent, and tells him to be more respectful, and to tell who he and the Yōgī are (276). The Bard replies :—‘The truth is, there is one Ratna Sēna, son of Citra Sēna, King of Citaur in Jambu-dvīpa. Him alone do I salute with my right hand, and none else. My name is Mahāpātra, and I am his impudent beggar’ (277).

Mahādēva ashamed (at the king not believing him, and seeing himself compelled to disclose his real name), still in his character as a bard,²

² Jāgannātha, Vaidyanātha, &c.

³ *Dasavandhī*, means ‘bard.’ It is the Sanskrit *daśadhī*, ‘the man of ten wits.’ It is commonly used together with *bhāṭa*, the two words together meaning ‘bard.’

again addresses the king in humble language. 'Gandharva Sēna, mighty king, I am an incarnation of Mahēṣa,¹ hear what I say. I must tell thee what will happen. Why shouldst thou be angry? This is a prince, and not a Yōgī, who heard of Padmāvati, and became ascetic for her sake. He is the son of a king of Jambu-dvīpa, and what is written in the book of fate cannot be erased. Thy parrot brought him hither, and thou becamest angry thereat. Then this matter was heard in Āivalōka. Marry the pair and do a virtuous action. He who begged from thee, will not leave thy door till he dieth. Even though it be a golden cup, give him alms, and kill him not' (278). Gandharva Sēna angrily calls him a beggar-bard, and tells him to go. 'This Yōgī must be impaled. I fear no one. Who is powerful as I (279)?'

Mahēṣa at length brings up his troops, and puts the Yōgīs behind them. The Prime minister advises the king not to fight, but the latter obstinately persists. Aṅgada, the hero of the Rāmāyaṇa, comes to help the Yōgīs. He begins by flinging five of the king's elephants into the sky (280). The battalion of elephants is ranged so as to protect the rest of the king's army. Hanumān comes and sweeps away the battalion with his tail (281). Īṣvara's battle-bell, and Viṣṇu's battle-conch is heard. All the Gods, demons, &c, come down to the fight. Gandharva Sēna falls at Mahādēva's feet, prays for mercy, and offers to give his daughter to whomever he may order (282). Thus Mahēṣa performs the office of an ambassador; at first bitter, then sweet. Recommends Gandharva Sēna to ask Hīrāmaṇi about Citaur. 'Ratna is a jewel; test him, and marry him to your daughter' (283). The king sends for the parrot and asks him how the Yōgīs came to the palace (284). The parrot begins by flattering the king (285). He tells his adventures and why he brought Ratna here. The king is pleased (286). The king is convinced, first by the words of the bard, and then by those of Hīrāmaṇi. He sends for Ratna Sēna. He is identified as a prince by the thirty-two signs (287). Every one seeing him to be worthy of Padmāvati, rejoices. The war music is changed to nuptial melodies (288). The king consents to the marriage. The Gods go home. Ratna Sēna and his princes put off their ascetic garments. General happiness (289).

[Here an Urdū edition adds:—

The body is Citaur-fort, and the soul is the king. The heart is Sīphala-dvīpa, and Brahmā is the Padminī. The *guru* is the parrot who sets one on the way. Illusion is 'Alāu'd-dīn, and Satan is Rāghava. Worldly cares are Nāgamatī (the snake-queen), who biteth those who love her.]

¹ See stanza 212, note¹.

CANTO XXII.

THE MARRIAGE.

The date fixed for the marriage. The preparations (290). The dress for Ratna Sēna (291). The marriage procession (292). Padmāvati mounts to the top of the palace and watches the procession (293). Her companions point out the bridegroom (294). Padmāvati's happiness at seeing Ratna. She faints from ecstasy (295). She recovers and explains that she had fainted in sorrow at the thought of leaving her home (296). The arrival of the procession (297). The feast prepared. The table arrangements (298). The food at the feast (299). There is no music, and Ratna and his guests refuse to eat. The Paṇḍit asks why (300). The king explains that there is no music. Sound was created before the Vēdas. When Adam was created, knowledge entered into his body with sound. At mealtimes there should be enjoyment. The eyes, tongue, nose, and ears should all be gratified (301). The Paṇḍit replies that music is intoxicating and excites the passions; hence it is not allowed at meals (302). *Sharbat* and *attar* are distributed; the marriage ceremonies are performed (303). Continuation of marriage ceremonies (304). Ratna Sēna receives the dowry, and is invited by Gandharva Sēna to remain in Siṃhala-dvīpa (305).

CANTO XXIII.

THE NUPTIAL CHAMBER.

Ratna Sēna is given a palace to live in (306). Description of it (307). Of the slaves in the nuptial chamber (308). Of the nuptial bed (309). The bridesmaids separate the bride from the bridegroom till night-fall, and proceed to adorn the latter. The weariness of the hours without Padmāvati (310). At night-fall the bridesmaids come and ask him (teasing him) where she is (311). Ratna entreats to be allowed to meet her (312). (No. 313 not in any edition). His entreaties continued¹ (314). The bridesmaids tease him still. They say they do not know where she is. He is a Yōgī. What has he to do with princesses? She is busy with the twelve methods of adornment (*ābharāṇa*) which are as follows (315),—bathing, application of sandal, vermilion on the parting of the hair, a spangle on the forehead, collyrium, earrings, nose-stud, betel to redden her lips, necklets, armlets, a girdle and anklets. Then there are the sixteen graces (*ṣṛiṅgāra*),—four long, four short, four stout, and four thin (316).

Description of Padmāvati adorning herself (317). Her features

¹ 310-314 are full of similes derived from chemistry.

(318). Her ornaments (319). Being fully adorned she delays going to her husband. She is frightened at what may happen (320). Her bridesmaids encourage her (321). She sets out for the nuptial chamber. Her charms as she goes (322).

She enters the nuptial chamber. Ratna Sēna is struck senseless by her beauty. They revive him, saying his Guru (*i.e.*, Padmāvati) is here (323). He takes her arm and leads her to the bed. She modestly shrinks back. She says he is a Yōgī and she does not like him (324). He says he became Yōgī for her sake. He recounts the dangers he has gone through (325). She replies that self-praise is no recommendation. No one ever heard of a Yōgī-king. She teases him. 'Thou art not a Yōgī, but a mere beggar. A Yōgī, by suppression of his breath, can mount into the air and fly in spirit where'er he listeth. Thou art but a beggar disguised as a Yōgī, as Rāvaṇa was who carried off Sītā. When the night sees the moon it is no longer dark, and so, Yōgī, now that thou hast become king thou hast forgotten thy austerities' (326). He repeats that he was but a pilgrim of love. 'Be kind. Even Sītā gave alms to Rāvaṇa. I have become crimson, (*i.e.*, glorious) from the reflection of thy colour, and like the sun have I mounted to the sky. Where the moon is cool, how can I be hot? Therefore, lady, fulfil my heart's desire (327)! She replies (teasing him still). 'Thou sayest thou art crimson. How didst thou get this colour? It is not from thy fine clothes. It seemeth to come from a burning heart. The red *majīṭha* dye cometh from long cooking. The Palāça tree has to be burnt before it beareth its scarlet blossoms. Betel and the areca nut do not become red till caustic lime is added' (328). He replies. 'I have been burnt in the fire of love' (329). Padmāvati,—'Thou art a wandering Yōgī, thou wilt not remain faithful' (330). Ratna;—'Though I may roam, I will never forget. But I will not even roam' (331). She challenges him to play *caupar*. He consents (332). He admits that he is beaten by her. Figurative comparison of *caupar*, and the game of love¹ (333). Padmāvati laughs. 'I see indeed thou art crimson from my colour. I went to the temple when Hīrāmaṇī told me thou wast there. I was enchanted at thy beauty, and I loved thee (334).² What magic art thou master of, that thy pains were reborn in me? I suffered all the pangs that thou didst suffer. There is naught between us now, all

¹ Till a proper text is obtained it will be impossible to translate 332 and 333 correctly. They are full of metaphorical allusions to the game of *caupar* or *causar*, the Indian Backgammon. I have taken the trouble to learn the game, and have consulted several good players, but none of them can interpret the present printed text satisfactorily.

² It is possible that this stanza represents the words of the Prince.

I have, my body, my soul, my youth, my life, I dedicate to thee' (335). Again she adds, 'Verily thou art crimson from my colour. Thou art a Rājā of noble family. But thy home is in Jambu-dvīpa, how didst thou learn of Siṃhala? How did Ṣaṅkara teach thee this love' (336). Ratna replies, 'I did what Hirāmaṇi told me, and I became absorbed in thee' (337). She smiles and confesses that she fell into a like state with regard to him at Hirāmaṇi's words (338). * * * * Morning comes, then Ratna leaves her. The bridesmaids come and see Padmāvati sleeping (345). They wake her. Her disarray (346). They laugh, and tease her about her disarray and ask how Ratna had treated her (347). She replies that she had learned that there is no one dearer than a husband and that her maiden fears were unfounded (348). She gives further particulars (349). They comment on her disordered condition (350). They run and tell her mother Queen Campāvati, that Padmāvati is not well. 'She looketh withered, and her colour is gone.' Campāvati hearing this, knows what it means, and laughs. She goes with the tiring women to Padmāvati, kisses and blesses her (351). The women sit round and commiserate Padmāvati. 'The child is restless,' they say. 'The lotus bud is full of tenderness, and slender, and delicate is her waist. She is like the moon in eclipse, she who shone like the sun with a thousand rays.' They anoint and bathe her, and again she blooms like the full moon (352). They clothe her in beautiful garments (353).

Ratna Sēna appears in public. His friends who accompanied him from Citaur congratulate him (354). He replies and gets 16,000 Padmini girls, and gives them to his friends as wives (355).

Padmāvati calls her companions, and gives them presents. They rejoice (356). She then goes to Mahādēva's temple and worships him (357).

Night approaches. The bride and bridegroom meet again. Amorous talk. He challenges a fight. She prepares the artillery of her eyes, and calls on him to fight with an equal. She is a Queen and he a Yōgi (358). He replies, 'I am a Yōgi who conquereth both in love and in war. I am both Hanumān and the god of love. A master of horses and of the lower lip. I wound my enemy with the sword, and thy heart also, &c., &c.' (359).

CANTO XXIV.

THE SIX SEASONS AND THE TWELVE MONTHS.

Spring (*Vasanta*) comes, a season of joy (360). The hot season (*Grīṣma*) (361). The rains (*Pāvasa*) (362). The autumn (*Ṣarad*)

(363). The cool and dewy season (*Çiçira*) (364). The winter (*Haimanta*) (365).

Queen Nāgamatī, Ratna's deserted wife, in Citaur, laments her lonely lot (366). Her sad state (367). Her companions console her (368). The *Bārah Māsā*, *Aṣāḍha* (369), *Çrāvāṇa* (370), *Bhādra* (371), *Āçvina* (372), *Kārttika* (373), *Agrahāyana* (374), *Pauṣa* (375), *Māgha* (376), *Phālguna* (377), *Caitrā* (378), *Vaiçākha* (379), *Jyaiṣṭha* (380). The year of Nāgamatī's torture again comes round with *Aṣāḍha* (381). Thus month by month she weeps throughout the year (382).

CANTO XXV.

NĀGAMATĪ'S MESSAGE.

Nāgamatī is distraught and wanders in the forest asking the birds for news of her husband (383). She tells the birds her woes (384). A bird named Vihangama¹ hears Nāgamatī's cries at night, and asks her what is the matter, she tells her woes. 'My husband hath become a Yōgī and gone to Siṅhala-dvīpa. I get no news of him (385). I am dry and bare as a lute (naught but wood and strings, *i. e.*, bones and muscles). Who will go and tell my husband (386)? O, tell Padmāvati to let my husband return to me' (387). The woes of Ratna Sēna's mother Sarasvatī (388).

Vihangama take the message to Siṅhala. The burning message parches all the country. He rests on a tree by the edge of the sea (389). Ratna Sēna is hunting in the forest, and turns to the tree. He ties his horse and sits down. He looks up, sees Vihangama, and asks his name and why he is black. The bird replies 'Two months ago I went to Jambu-dvīpa, I saw a city called Citaur. How can I tell its misery. I am burnt black (390). The Rājā became a Yōgī and departed. The city became empty and dark. His Queen Nāgamatī is burnt by unhappy love. By this time she is probably burnt to ashes. The fire of her woe is consuming the universe, and I was burnt black then, and fled for my life' (391). Ratna Sēna tells who he is and asks for further news (392). Vihangama reproaches him (393), describes his mother's condition (394), and Nāgamatī's (395). The effects of Nāgamatī's sorrow on the outer world (396). The Rājā welcomes the bird, and asks it to come down to him. Vihangama refuses. He prefers freedom (397), and departs. Ratna goes home sorrowful and determines to return to Citaur (398). He is distraught and full of regrets (399).

¹ *Vihangama*, is also the name of an exercise (*mārga*) of *Yōga*. There is of course here (as throughout) the double meaning.

He sends his compliments to Gandharva Sēna (400). He goes to him and says that he has had news that Citaur is threatened by the Emperor of Delhi, and that his brother is also threatening it. He must go home (401). The court regrets his departure. He asks for a lucky day to be fixed for the departure (402). Padmāvati ineffectually remonstrates (403). Distress of her companions (404). She calls them and bids them farewell (405). Their lamentations (406). They counsel her to obey her husband (407).

CANTO XXVI.

THE ASTROLOGERS.

The astrologers describe the luck of departures on the various week days (408). On what days of the month the unlucky Yōginī prohibits departure in certain directions (409). The lucky days of the lunar month (410). The signs of the zodiac (411). When the moon and stars are powerful on certain days (412). The Nakṣatras and Yōgas (413).

CANTO XXVII.

THE JOURNEY AND SHIPWRECK.

Padmāvati mounts her litter (414). She departs with Ratna. Her attendants and their glory. The king sends with Ratna valuable presents (415). Ratna, seeing all this wealth, becomes proud. The sea determines to ask for toll (416). The sea appears in person as a beggar, and asks for charity (417). Ratna angrily refuses. The sea threatens him (418).

Before they get half way across the sea, the wind rises. The ships lose their course (419). A sailor of Vibhīṣaṇa, a frightful Rākṣasa, appears in the sea (420). He is delighted at seeing the ships out of command. 'These Padminīs will be dainty morsels for Vibhīṣaṇa.' He approaches the ship and asks what is the matter (421). Ratna calls him and asks him to show the way. He promises jewelry if he brings the ship safe to land (422). The Rākṣasa offers to conduct the ship to the Sētubandha, if he is given a present beforehand (423). The Rākṣasa takes the ship to where the bones of Mahirāvāṇa lie, in a great whirlpool. The ship revolves in it. The King calls out 'What are you doing? Here is the Sētubandha' (424). The Rākṣasa laughs. 'This is the city of Mahirāvāṇa. He used to bear the weight of the earth. When he died his bones remained here' (425). The ship is merged in the whirlpool. The elephants, horses, and men on board all sink. Carnivor-

ous animals assemble. The Rākṣasa dances with delight, but at that moment a huge bird comes and carries him off. The ship is broken to pieces and Ratna and Padmāvati are floated off in different directions, each elinging to a plank (426).

CANTO XXVIII.

THE SEA AND LAKṢMĪ.

Padmāvati is borne fainting away. Lakṣmī, the daughter of the Ocean was sporting with her friends on the sea-shore, and just then the plank with Padmāvati was thrown up by the waves. They go up to look at her (427). Lakṣmī sees the 36 auspicious marks on her, and takes measures to bring her to life. She takes Padmāvati's head in her lap, and has her fanned. Consciousness returns. They give her water. Then Lakṣmī kindly asks about her troubles, and who she is (428). Padmāvati opens her eyes. Asks where she is, and who they are. Where is her husband? (429). They say they do not know. They had found her thrown up by the sea. Gradually memory comes to her. She is almost mad with sorrow (430). Her lamentations. She wishes to become *Satī* (431). She uncovers her head to become *Satī*.¹ Her grief (432). Lakṣmī tries to console her. Promises that her father (the Ocean) will watch at every landing place for her husband. Lakṣmī goes to her father and entertains him to bring the husband and wife together (433).

Ratna Sena is thrown ashore at a high mountain. He ascends it and sees no one. When he thinks of his lost wealth he strikes his beard and weeps. 'Where is Padmāvati? I have been lost through my egoism (434). Where is Padmāvati (or wisdom)? I will search for her till I find her (435). Where am I to go to find her? (436). He addresses God (Gosāñ, the creator). God's might (437). 'Let me die, murmuring Padmāvati's name, unless thou seest good to reunite us. Yet I fear another separation, if we do meet again' (438). So saying he walks into the sea, and prepares to plunge his dagger into his neck. The Ocean (seeing that his egoism has diminished) approaches him as the form of a Brāhmaṇa. He blesses Ratna and asks for his story. Warns him that suicide is a sin (439). Ratna tells his condition. He owned Padmāvati and wealth, and has now lost all in the sea (440). The Ocean smiles, and says, 'It is all the fruit of thine egoism. Had all this been really thine, thou wouldst have it still. All is illusion. Everything

¹ To allow the flames to burst forth. A true *satī* dies of spontaneous combustion. That is a general belief of even educated men at the present day in Bihār.

belongeth to Him who gave them. If he take them back, why dost thou lament?' (441). Ratna,—'I care for naught except Padmāvati. The sea hath taken her, and I will go to heaven and complain of the injustice' (442). The Ocean,—'Be brave like Rāma, and thou wilt find thy Sītā. Close thine eyes, and I will bring thee to Padmāvati.' Ratna complies, and immediately the Ocean takes him to where Padmāvati is (443). Padmāvati's sorrow (444). Lakṣmī takes the form of Padmāvati and waits at the landing-place by which Ratna is coming. Ratna seeing her runs to her, but discovers it is not Padmāvati, and turns from her. Lakṣmī runs to him weeping. 'Why art thou deserting me, my husband?' (445). Ratna says, 'I know thou art not Padmāvati. Thou art like the jasmine, but hast not the scent'¹ (447). Lakṣmī smiles and offers to conduct him to the jasmine. She brings him to Padmāvati. To Padmāvati, she says, 'Drink, O weary lotus. Thy sun who was hidden in the sea hath risen.' To Ratna she says, 'Lo, I have brought the bee to the jasmine' (448). The meeting (449). The same (450). Padmāvati asks Lakṣmī to restore also all their companions, followers, and property. Lakṣmī goes to her father and gets the request granted. The companions, followers, and property are all returned (451). The Ocean also gives them presents of many precious jewels (452).

CANTO XXIX.

THE RETURN TO CITOUR.

They remain ten days as guests of the Ocean, and then take leave. The Ocean gives Ratna five priceless jewels (*naga*), viz., *Amṛita* (ambrosia), *Hanūṣa* (the swan), *Simurgh* (the father of all birds), the Young Lion, and the Philosopher's stone.² They mount on horseback, and set out escorted by a merman (*jala-manuṣa*), after bidding farewell to the Ocean's wife. The merman conducts them to Jagannāth (453). They worship at Jagannāth and spend all their money there. The King's reflections to Padmāvati on the necessity of money (454). Padmāvati says that Lakṣmī gave her at starting a betel leaf in which a number of jewels were wrapped up. He should sell one of these and put himself in funds. Ratna collects his followers and starts for home (455). They approach Citaur (456). Their feelings after the long absence (457).

¹ 446 is missing in Rām Jasan's edition.

² These five mystic jewels, the translation of which, it will be seen, presents some difficulty, have a prominent part in the story, *vide* 500, 526, 573.

Nāgamatī hears of the king's approach. Her happiness. She adorns herself. Her companions ask her why she is so happy (458). She explains. A herald comes and proclaims the arrival of the King (459). The general rejoicings in the city. Ratna's brothers ride out to meet him (460). Music. Ratna arrives and greets his mother. The temples are adorned. Padmāvati's litter arrives. Nāgamatī's jealousy; so Padmāvati is taken to a separate palace. The news about Padmāvati spreads abroad (461). Ratna mounts the throne. Charity distributed. He embraces his brothers and relations, and makes them presents. Music. Holy men of all sects assemble (262).

At nightfall Ratna visits Nāgamatī; filled with jealousy of Padmāvati, she sits with her face turned away from him. She reproaches him (463). He comforts her. Says he still loves her. He embraces her (464). She is consoled; laughs, and asks what kind of women he met in his travels. 'Is Padmāvati as beautiful as I am? Bees wander from flower to flower.' He explains that he cannot compare the two. There he loves one, here he loves another (465). Night passes in conversation. In the morning he goes to Padmāvati. She reproaches him for deserting her for Nāgamatī (466). He says he loves her alone. She tells him he should not go to Nāgamatī (467).

CANTO XXX.

THE RIVAL QUEENS.

The beauty of Nāgamatī's garden. She goes into it with her companions (468). Padmāvati is told of this, 'Nāgamatī is in the garden and the king is sporting with her and her companions' (469). Padmāvati cannot contain her wrath. She hastens to the garden with her companions. She meets her co-wife, they smile and sit down together on the same seat, with sweet words, but hatred in their hearts. Padmāvati remarks on the beauty of the garden, and adds that it is not right that the Sugādhṛāw flower should be in the same garden with the jasmīn and the Nāgēsār. Who cares for Jāmūn fruit if the Mango grows with it in the same garden (470)? Nāgamatī replies, 'That fruit is the best which the bee loveth. The Jāmūn, the Kastūrī, and the Cōā fruits are (it is true) all black, (but still they are the best). The mango is set on high but it weepeth in its heart out of jealousy of them, for the bee loves them and not the mango. So doth the bee love the black Jāmūn that he hath planted it in the midst of his garden' (471). Padmāvati replies that the shrubs in her garden may be thorny, but

the fruit is not so bitter as in Nāgamatī's. In the latter there are no oranges or vines, and so on. 'Remain in thine own garden and do not fight with me. There is no flower equal to the jasmine' (472). Nāgamatī praises the fruits of her own garden. 'When a tree bears fruit, people throw clods at it. When a tree bends humbly down, it is because of the weight of its fruit. I am beautiful, may she who separated me from my love be burnt to ashes. My love is a Rājā, thine is a Yōgī' (473). Padmāvati,—'I am a perfect lotus. I was created to be worshipped. Thou art the snake (*nāga*) of the world, to every one. Thou art dark-featured. Thou art a black bird, and I a swan. I am a pearl-broidered, and thou art a glass-bead-broidered bodice. Thou art an emerald dulled by being beside a diamond. Thou art eclipse, and I the moon. A dark night is not equal to the day' (474). Nāgamatī,—Thou art hard within, like a lotus. Thou spendest thy night lamenting thy husband's absence' (475). Padmāvati,—'I am the lotus beloved of the sun. My heart expandeth when he shineth; while thou, gazing regretfully at the sky, art dried and burnt up. He and I are all in all to each other. Thou art like a wild fig full of flies, whose wings are born, but when it is time for them to die. Thou art a *nāgin* (snake) whose bite is mortal' (476). Nāgamatī,—'A lotus bloometh when the sun riseth, but its roots, if touched, foul the water. It grows in stinking slime, and its companions are fish and frogs and turtles. If it be washed a thousand times it will still stink. What shall I say to that beloved who has put coals of fire on my head? In the hope of sport with him, thou hast won and I have lost' (477). Padmāvati,—'Yes, I have won all the charms of the world, my face from the moon, my hair from the black snake, my eyes from the deer, my throat from the voice of the koil, &c. To my form I gave the fragrance of Malaya. Thou art envious of me' (478). Nāgamatī,—'Why art thou proud of charms borrowed from others. I am dark with brilliant eyes, my face is fair, and my voice is like the *cātaka*'s, my nose is like a sword, my brow like a bow, &c.' (479). Padmāvati unable to bear any longer cries, 'Nāgamatī, thou snake, speak no more.' Then each speaks at the same time. They scream and fight like nymphs wrestling. Each holds the other's arms; bosom to bosom, neither turns back. In vain each tries to bring the other down. No one dares to interfere (480).

The wind whispers in Ratna's ears what is going on. He hastens there and remonstrates. 'Do ye not understand that sometimes it is night, and sometimes day? Ye are like the Ganges and the Jamunā' (481). The two wives embrace. He takes them into the palace and feeds them. He gives Nāgamatī a golden palace, and Padmāvati a

silver one. They live happily (482). In due course Nāgamatī has a son, named Naga Sēna, and Padmāvati a son called Kamala Sēna. Astrologers prophesy that both will be great *rājās*. They are richly rewarded (483).

CANTO XXXI.

RĀGHAVA CAITANYA.

Amongst the paṇḍits attached to Ratna Sēna's court was one Rāghava Caitanya. He is the wisest of them all (484). Every one has his unlucky moment. One day when it was the first day of the new moon, the king asks when the second of the lunar month would come. Rāghava, by a slip of the tongue says 'to-day.' All the other paṇḍits say 'to-morrow.' Piqued, he adheres to his statement, and, by force of magic, when evening comes, makes the moon appear as if it was the moon of the second day (485). The paṇḍits disgusted. Next day comes, and, behold, the moon is again the moon of the second. They accuse him of being a wizard (486). Ratna in a rage orders Rāghava to be expelled from the country as a wizard (487). Padmāvati hears of this, and by her fore-knowledge perceives that the expulsion will lead to calamity. She sends for Rāghava to the foot of the palae. A Brāhman will go anywhere for hope of a reward, *in cælum jusseris ibit*.¹ He comes there (488). Padmāvati appears at the lattice above, like a spotless moon. Rāghava blesses her. She gives him a bracelet. As she does so the string of her necklaee breaks, and the stones of it also fall. Rāghava, startled by her glory and the jewels, falls senseless (489). Padmāvati smiles and tells her maidens to revive him. They take him to the shade, and ask him what ails him (490). Rāghava comes to himself with difficulty, and casts his eyes towards the lattice. He speaks incoherently of having been robbed. 'When Padmāvati looked at me, it was like a *ḥag's* poisoned sweetmeat' (491). He tells how he has been stricken by Padmāvati's eyes (492). The maidens conclude that he has gone mad. They admonish him, and say that many men have been struck senseless by Padmāvati's beauty, but she is unattainable (493). He comes to himself. He determines to profit by what he has seen. 'I will try and earn another bracelet. The Turk has come to Delhi,—Shāh 'Alāu'd-dīn, the Emperor. In his mint gold is melted and twelve kinds of dinārs are made. To him will I describe the lotus, and he will come and be the sun to it' (494).

¹ *Svarga jāe jō hōc bolāvā.*

CANTO XXXII.

RĀGHAVA'S JOURNEY TO DELHI.

Rāghava starts for Delhi. He reaches the door of the Emperor's court. Can get no admission, and is in danger of being trampled to death by the crowds of horses (485). The Emperor knew all that was going on. He hears that a Brāhmin beggar is standing at his gate with a bracelet in his hand (486). He sends for Rāghava. He has pity on foreigners. He also has been one (497). Rāghava appears. The Emperor asks, 'Why dost thou beg when possessed of such a bracelet?' He replies that Ratna Sēna has a lovely Padmiṇī of Siṃhala-dvīpa, for his wife, in Citaur. 'She is beauteous as the moon. She appeared at the lattice, gave me this bracelet for a reward, and took away my life' (498). The Emperor laughs and does not believe him. 'Thou art praising up a piece of glass. Where is this matchless lady? I have sixteen hundred, and, if there is a perfectly beautiful lady anywhere, she is in my palace' (499). Rāghava replies,—'Thou art an emperor, and I a beggar. I have travelled East and West, North and South, but there are four things that thou hast not got, the Padminī, Amṛita, Haṃṣa, and the lion's cub.¹ I have travelled far and wide and if I am ordered, I will describe the four kinds of women, the Hastinī, the Siṃhinī, the Citriṇī, and the Padminī (500).

CANTO XXXIII.

THE TALE OF FAIR WOMEN.

Description of the Hastinī (501), the Siṃhinī (502), the Citriṇī (503). General account of the Padminī (504). Further particulars (505). Such is the Padminī who has come to Citaur (506). The dangers of her beauty (507). The lightning of her smile (508). Her raven locks (509). The parting of her hair (510). Her brow (511). her eyebrows (512), her eyes (513), her nose (514), her lips (515), her teeth (516), her voice (517), her ear (518), her cheek (519), her neck (520), her arms (521), her bosom (522), her gait (523), her delicate grace (524).

The Emperor is struck senseless by this description of Padmāvatī's beauty. He becomes enamoured of her, and asks Rāghava once more to tell him about Citaur and the Padminī (525). Rāghava says that beside her there are five other jewels in Citaur,² and describes them (526). The Emperor richly rewards Rāghava, giving him not only elephants and horses, but a pair to the bracelet, in which were fixed

¹ See 453.² See 453 and 500.

thirty crores worth of jewels. He promises Rāghava the throne of Citaur on the day on which he obtains possession of Padmāvati. 'I will first take the five jewels and then her.' He calls Sur'jā the wrestler,¹ and gives him a letter to take quickly to the king of Citaurfort. The king (Ratna) receives the letter which, after the usual polite expressions, runs, 'Send me, quickly, the Padminī of Siphala-dvīpa' (527).

CANTO XXXIV.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE KING AND THE EMPEROR.

Ratna's rage on hearing the letter read. He will not kill Sur'jā for the insult. 'A thirst which the sea cannot extinguish is not affected by a little dew' (528). Sur'jā replies,—'I am come here prepared to die. The Emperor sent me knowing this. Beware of his power. He can destroy thee if he will. Citaur existeth but by his favour. If thou wilt give the Padminī, thou may'st keep Citaur, and will be given Candērī in addition' (529). King,—'If my wife go, what is Citaur, and what Candērī? I am ready to fight like Hammīra, of Ran'thambhaur; like Hanumān, or Rāma Candra. I have founded an era, like Vikrama. If the Emperor want money, I will give it him; but if he wish a Padminī, let him go to Siphala-dvīpa, and fetch one' (530). Sur'jā,—'Boast not, O king! All the earth boweth before the Emperor. If he wish to go to Siphala, he can, but the day he besieges thy fort, he will take all that thou dost possess. Be advised in time' (531)! King,—'Go and tell the Turk not to run hither to his death, like Alexander, who hastened to the Kajali forest for ambrosia, but obtained naught but regrets. My fort is strong. Let him come to attack it when he wisheth' (532). Sur'jā returns to the Emperor, and reports. The King refuses to listen. The Sultan's rage. He declares he will destroy Citaur like Ran'thambhaur (533).

He sends out letters in all directions, and calls his nobles. The countless army which assembles (the stock similes) (534). Enumeration of the various kinds of horses (535). The elephants (536). The nobles, and the various countries they come from (537). The equipment. They march (538). The terror inspired in the various citadels on the way (539). Only two citadels stand firm, Citaur and Kam-bhal'nēr.² Ratna hears of the approach of the Turk. He sends letters to all Hindū Rājās,—'Citaur, the holy place of Hindūs, is being attacked by Turks. The sea is in flood and there is no embankment.

¹ See 682.

² This fort plays a prominent part in the poem subsequently; see 628 and ff.

I alone am the dyke. Help it, for your own sakes, otherwise he will attack you all. As long as the dyke remaineth standing, it is well, but once it is breached, the flood cannot be stopped. The betel¹ is ready.' (540). A similar message is sent by Ratna to the Hindū Rājās who are bound by feudal ties to the Emperor. They meet and approach the Emperor, saying, 'Citaur is the mother of the Hindūs, nor can we forget the relationship, even though it cause us peril. Ratna Sēna is ready to sacrifice himself, and he is the greatest King amongst the Hindūs. Be friendly and forgive him, or else give us betel as a token that we may depart. Then will we go and die, that the name of our honour be not wiped out.' The Emperor gives them leave to go, and three days' law (541). Ratna Sēna puts Citaur in battle array. The kings come and salute him. Enumeration of Rāj'pūt tribes. They are ready to fight to the death (542). The citadel is provisioned for a seven years' siege. A strong moat is dug zig-zag round it. Range over range of cannon. The battlements crowded with warriors, &c. (543).

The Emperor marches. Description of the effect of the cavalry and elephants (544). The cannon (545). Comparison of a cannon with a lovely woman (546). The progress of the elephants (547). Further description of the progress of the elephants. The dust raised made the world dark as the Kajali forest, when Alexander went to it (548). The dust and consequent darkness (549).

The army approaches Citaur. Ratna and his generals mount the battlements to see it, but its rear reaches so far as to be invisible. The Queen ascends to the roof of the palace, crying, 'Lucky am I in having a king, against whom the Turks have had to raise such an army' (550). Ratna is undismayed at the sight. He and his friends prepare for a sally of cavalry (551). Description of Ratna's steed (552), and of the royal elephants (553). The cavalry and elephants are ready for the fray. In front are the chariots, and in the rear are the death-flags, behind which there is no retreat. The army sallies forth (554). The two armies meet in conflict (555).

CANTO XXXV.

THE TRUCE.

Description of the elephants fighting (556). The hand-to-hand fight (557). The terrific combat. Delight of ghouls (558).² The Emperor urges on more soldiers to meet the ever-advancing Hindūs

¹ Taken by a hero before going on a desperate fight.

² Throughout the following the King and his army are compared to the moon, and the Emperor and his army to the sun,

(559). The Rāj'pūts are beaten back by the Emperor's troops, as a lily closes before the sun (560). The Emperor attacks the fort in the day time (561). By night, the 'Moon' (*i. e.*, the Rāja) rises, and fires blazing bombs at the enemy, which cannot be withstood (562). At day-break, the 'Sun' (the Emperor) again comes forth, and attacks the citadel. The fight lasts the whole day, without result, and so affairs go on day by day (563). The Emperor lays a mine, and bombards the fort. His artillery is officered by Abyssinians (*Habshī*), Greeks (*Rūmī*), and Portuguese (*Īraṅgī*). The mine explodes (564). The confusion which arises and the damage done in the fort (565). The King, so far from being dismayed, makes arrangements for a dancing entertainment, in full view of the Emperor. Catalogue of the musical instruments. Every device of joy is there; five nautch girls dance. While the Emperor is besieging the fort, the king is diverting himself with a nautch (566). Description of the songs. High up on the fort the dance proceeds, while below the Turks fire off their cannon, as their generals watch the entertainment, rubbing their hands, beating their heads, and crying, 'When will these fall into our hands?' (567). The Dancers (568). In the course of the dance, one of the dancing girls turns her back towards where the Emperor is sitting, down below. The Emperor is angry at the insult. He orders arrows to be fired, and the arrow fired by Jahāngīr, Rājā of Kannauj, strikes the girl, and she is killed. The nautch is stopped. The Turks below applaud the shot (569). The King's people build ramparts of earth and repair the damage caused by the explosion (570). They make preparations for performing *Jūnhar*, if the worst comes to the worst (571).

The siege goes on for eight years. Trees planted by the Emperor grow up and bear fruit. He becomes weary of his task. Just then news comes that, 'Harēwā,¹ the Lord of the West, who used to fly before thee, has now stood up to face thee. He whose face was in the ground has raised his head to heaven crying, "The Emperor is safe fastened at Citaur"' (572). Hearing this, the Emperor meditates, and determines to take Ratna by treachery. He sends Sur'jā, telling him to go to the king and speak gently to him: say, 'I will not take the Padminī. If I am but allowed to see her, I will raise the siege. Take Nehicala and Candērī, in addition to thine own dominions, and only give me the five jewels² which the sea gave thee' (573). Sur'jā goes to the king, and commences by explaining that the Emperor has him like a bird in a cage, and can crush him at any moment, as he did Hammīra (574). The king replies, 'I am not an era-maker like Hammīra, like Bhōja, or

¹ By tradition, Harēwā is said to have been a noted *thag* chief.

² See 453.

Vikrama. But still we have withstood the siege for seven years, and have no want of food. There is also a plentiful natural spring of water. We are still ready to fight, and are still prepared, if need be, to die' (575). Sur'jā,—‘O king, he who disobeyeth the Emperor must finally be destroyed,’ and so on. ‘Thy fort is on the point of crumbling, take heed to what I say if thou would'st escape. Let him see thy five jewels. If his soul is pleased with one, he will forgive all thy wickedness’ (576). King,—‘The Emperor is my elder (or superior). He can forgive me and do what he wisheth. What are my five jewels? My whole treasury is his. Can Darius cope with Alexander? What thou hast said, I humbly accept, but I will not be satisfied without an oath.’ Sur'jā takes the oath with intent to act treacherously, and the king accepts it and summons a herald (577), to whom he makes over the five jewels, and despatches him to the Emperor, with this message,—‘O, sun of the world! light of the earth! the black crow boweth himself humbly before thee. Thy glorious light illumineth the world. Nothing in the nine continents is hid from thee. Anger and mercy are both at thy service, thou killest in thy fierce sunshine, and revivest in thy shadow. Let not the Sun be angry with the Moon, who is eclipsed, and confined in a cage. To-morrow morn, the crow will humbly approach thee’ (578). When the herald finishes his message, the Emperor replies. He reproaches Ratna for disobedience. This disobedience has made the crow's feathers black (579). ‘Go tell the king that, if he is true, there is no fear. He who trusteth himself to me is safe from harm. To-morrow the Sun, (*i. e.* the Emperor) will visit the fort, that thou may'st lay thine arms before him.’ The Herald, taking the betel of friendship, returns to the king, and gives the Emperor's message. The King immediately orders preparations to be made for a feast for the Emperor (580).

CANTO XXXVI.

THE FEAST TO THE EMPEROR.

Description of the animals and fowl brought for the feast (581), the fish (582), the wheat and cakes (583), the rice (584), the spices for the meat (585). The pasties and fruit (586). The way the fish are cooked (587). How the vegetables are cooked (588). The pulse-meal cakes (*barā*) (589). The sweetmeats (590). Everything that is above-mentioned has first to be treated with water before cooking. Praise of water (591).

They spend the night in cooking. In the morning the Emperor comes, preceded by Rāghava Caitanya (592).

CANTO XXXVII.

THE EMPEROR'S VISIT TO THE FORT.

Description of the seven-storied palæe. The King meets the Emperor at the gate. The Emperor admires the fort (593). Beauty of the palace. Its gardens and temples (594). The Emperor, looking round, notices Padmāvati's palæe. Its beauty, and the way in which it is guardod (595). He arrives at the seventh story. Its magnificence, with its wonderful mirrors. The Emperor is seated on a magnificent throne amidst the mirrors. But he thinks most of all of Padmāvati (596), who however is not visible. The King's hospitality. The Emperor converses with the king, but his soul longs for Padmāvati (597).

Gōrā and Bādāl¹ suspect the Emperor, and whisper to Ratna that they fear treachery (598). Ratna refuses to believe them, especially as treachery always recoils on itself. Witness the Pāṇḍavas and the Kauravas (599).

The King has 1,600 women slaves, out of whom he selects 84, whom he produces before the Emperor. They all use the artillery of their eyes upon him. He asks Rāghava, which of them is Padmāvati (600). Rāghava replies,—‘These are only her maidservants. These are merely the pearls which set off the diamond. As long as you look upwards (towards the lattice windows of the female apartments), she will not look up.’ The Emperor immediately ceases looking up, ‘A guest has no right to do so. I will act like Arjuna, and succeed with a reflection in a mirror’ (601). He is served with food by damsels beauteous as Indra's nymphs (602). He cannot eat (603) or drink, ‘I would drink with mine eyes, and not with my tongue’ (604). The meal being over, the king waits upon the emperor, offers him trays of jewels, and asks for forgiveness, and that the sun of the Emperor's kindness may shine upon him (605). The Emperor expresses himself pleased, tells him to retain his own country, and to have the land of *Mārō* in addition. He leans upon the King's shoulder, so that, deceiving him by a show of affection, he may capture him by fraud (606). The Emperor sits down to a game of chess with the King, first arranging a mirror on the wall so that it may reflect the lattice window of the female apartments. He sits facing the mirror. The game of chess described metaphorically (607).

The maidens who had served the Emperor go to Padmāvati, de-

¹ See 656.

scribe him to her, and advise her to look at him, or she will miss a sight she will not have a chance of seeing again (608). She goes to the lattice and looks out, and the Emperor sees her reflection in the mirror. He who has been desiring a castle (*rukhi*) in the game of chess, is checkmated when he sees Padmāvati's face (*rukhi*). He falls into a stupor. The king, not knowing the reason, expresses concern. Rāghava says he is only overcome by the betel nut,¹ and has him put to bed. Night passes. The Emperor comes to himself in the morning (609). Padmāvati has disappeared, and the Emperor rises, looking like a *Yōgī*. Rāghava goes to him, saying,—‘Hath the lotus become poison, when it saw the sun? Thou art all-powerful. Why art thou so distraught?’ (610). Emperor,—‘I have seen a wondrous vision. A curtain which had been before my eyes was raised. I saw in my mind a lake, in which water had been, and was no longer. Heaven came down and covered the earth. It came upon the earth but I could not grasp it. Again I saw in it a lofty temple. It was within reach of my hand but I could not touch it. In it, I saw, in my mind, an image, but it appeared without body and without life. It was bright as the full-moon, but, like the philosopher's stone, it showed itself and disappeared. Now my life is where that full moon is. How can the sun find the new moon? The lotus bloomed at night, like a flash of lightning (611). That beautiful form hath entered into my soul and dragged out my life. I saw a lion's waist, the might of an elephant, snakes for the elephant goad, and a peacock for its rider. Over it was a lotus blooming, round which bees hovered and drank the odour. Two fluttering *Khañjan* birds, between which sat a parrot, while a two-days-old moon rose with a bow in its hand. A deer appeared and then became invisible. The moon became a snake, and the sun a lamp. I saw it very high, and then start away. Mine eyes followed it, but I could not reach it. While I gazed at it, it faded away. It went, as I gazed and meditated on it’ (612). Rāghava explains the vision. ‘The wondrous form which thou didst see was certainly Padmāvati. She hath a little waist like a tiger's, and her gait is that of an elephant. Her neck is graceful as a peacock's, and her hair (brilliant as the lamp of the sun) resembleth black curling snakes. Her face was the lotus, exhaling gentle odour to the Zephyr, the fluttering *khañjans* were her eyes, and the parrot her nose. The bow is her eyebrows, and the two-day moon her brow. She is that deer which appeared and became invisible, whose locks are like black snakes, and whose soul is a lamp. Thou did'st see her reflection in the mirror, and therefore the image which thou did'st

¹ The Area nut eaten with betel sometimes causes faintness. The idiom used for it is *sōpārī lag guī hai*.

see had no life within it. Now take thought and act. He tasteth the fragrance of those locks on whose lips they fall' (613).¹

CANTO XXXVIII.

THE CAPTURE OF THE KING.

The Emperor asks for his litter, and starts on his return to the camp. The King, delighted at his kindly words sees him off, and heedlessly accompanies him part of the way. The Emperor, conversing with the King, leans his hand upon his shoulder in a friendly way, and uses words which are sweet in the mouth, but poison in the belly (614). As the Emperor passes Padmāvati's palace, she is filled with forebodings. As they pass the first palace, the Emperor gives the King a robe of honour, a hundred horses, thirty elephants, a kettle-drum, and a spice vessel.² As they pass the second palace, he gives cavalry; at the third, costly jewels; at the fourth, 10 millions of money; at the fifth, two pairs of diamonds, at the sixth he gives the kingdom of Mārō, and at the seventh that of Candēri; and when they pass the seventh gate, he has the King seized and carried off a prisoner (615).

Reflections of the poet. There are many waters in this world. Some men cross them and some sink. Some are blind, and cannot see the fire in the way, and others can see clearly and cleverly. To the King success became a disease, for he left heaven and fell down to earth. Why should he have trusted an enemy whom he had released after having him in his grasp,—and so on. A cruel lesson on imprudence is it to the King (616).

They load the King with fetters, and put him in a cage. The news reaches Citaur, and spreads over the country. Lamentation of the people. 'To-day the sun is set and Citaur is in darkness' (617). The cry is 'the Musalmān has conquered the Hindū.' The Emperor marches off with the King. The moral effect of the capture on the whole of India. All tremble, and become submissive to him. He returns to Delhi. All those who had rebelled, again submit (618). The cruelties of the King's imprisonment. He is taunted and beaten if he asks but for water. Burning, in want of water, he falls asleep, and wakes

¹ I have given a more full translation of these three verses than usual, as they are of some importance for following the plot. The passage, as printed, is, however, very corrupt, and the details cannot be accepted as correct.

² A *caugharī*, is a silver or gold jewelled case in four (or more) compartments for holding cardamoms, otto of roses, cloves and the like, when presenting them to a guest.

in the morning after dreaming of oceans (619). They continue taunting him about his disobedience, and tell him his only chance of success is to send for Padmāvati if he wishes to escape (620). He gives no reply, and prepares for death. Description of his ill treatment (621).

Padmāvati's anxiety about her husband's continued absence. She can get no news of him. Her sorrow (622). Her lamentations for her absent husband (623). The same continued (624). Nāgamatī's sorrow (625, 626, 627).

CANTO XXXIX.

KUMŌDINĪ.

Rājā Dēva Pāla of Kambhal'nēr,¹ a bitter enemy of Ratna Sēna, hears of his imprisonment, and determines to try and get Padmāvati into his power. He sends for an old bawd named Kumōdinī, a Brāhmaṇi by caste, and gives her a betel *bīrā*,² telling her to go to Citaur and by force, or fraud, to bring Padmāvati to him (628). She is ready to go, and boasts of the power of her charms and incantations (629). She fills a basket with cakes, and starts for Citaur (630). She arrives at Citaur, and after reciting her incantations goes into the palace, finds Padmāvati's apartments, and takes the cakes to her. As she enters, she opens her arms, but Padmāvati does not recognize her. Then she cries. 'Thou and I were born in the same town. My father's name was Bēni Dūbē, Gandharva Sēna's private priest. When thou wast a child in Siṃhala Dvīpa, I used to give thee milk to drink. I have made a second home in Kambhal'nēr, and hearing that thou art in Citaur, I have come to see thee' (631). When Padmāvati hears the name of her father's house, she falls on the old woman's neck and weeps. She laments fate. 'Why did my parents give me this unhappy lot by marrying me, and giving me a husband who hath been imprisoned? I wish to die, but my shameless life doth not abandon me' (632). Kumōdinī embraces her and weeps, and washes Padmāvati's face. Consoles her. 'Who can wipe out what is written on the forehead?' Padmāvati gives no reply, and remains unconsoled (633). Kumōdinī uncovers the trays of sweetmeats, but Padmāvati will not eat them. She refuses even to touch them (634). Kumōdinī stays. She proffers further consolation. 'Thou art still a young lotus. Thou art still in thy tender youth. Why wear these unbecoming weeds of

¹ See 540, Note 2.

² Offered to a person entrusted with a dangerous mission, and accepted by him or her.

sorrow. Adorn thyself. Sit upon thy throne, and sport. Enjoyment is but for a few days, and youth ouce gone doth not return' (635). Padmāvati refuses comfort. 'She hath youth who is in the shadow of her husband's face. The jasmine of my body will take new shoots, when the lord of the house, its waterer, returneth. Till then it will remain withered' (636). Kumōdinī,—'Think not thus of life. As long as there is youth there are lovers. No husband is ever constaut. Youth, like water, diminisheth day by day, and birds only seek the pond while it containeth water' (637). Padmāvati,—'What is life and youth without a husband. She who is wedded to a lion desireth not a jackal. The true beauty is ehasity. Sin maketh the most lovely to be blaek' (638). Kumōdinī,—'Old age will come. It will then be too late for joy. Thy beauty will all disapppear; now is the timo for happiness' (639). Padmāvati flames up. 'May her beauty be burnt up, who deserteth her own, and lusteth for another. Two kings cannot sit on one throne. Youth may go, and lovers may go, but not the memory of my husband's love. If we meet not in this world, we will meet hereafter. I am sinner enough as it is, for I still live' (640). Kumōdinī,—'No taste is appreciated till a new taste cometh on the tongue. Thou hast not learned the taste of another man. They only know the taste of the first, who have tried another. One sip of nectar filleth not the heart, till another hath been drunk' (641). Padmāvati. 'Thou art my enemy, not my nurse: with inky words hast thou come to cheat me. Water is clean till ink falleth into it. The very moon would become blaek if defiled with sueh ink. Thou art insulting me with a smile upon thy mouth. My husband (*ṣyāma*)-lover is brilliant as the sun, other lovers are blaek (*ṣyāma*) as ink'¹ (642). Kumōdinī,—'Thou hast already blaek ink upon thee,—I see it in the blaekness of thine eyes. Nay, blaek collyrium is adorument; so also is the blaek mole on the cheek. A line of ink giveth an enhaneed charm. The pupils of the eye are black, and the whole world is seen by them, and so on. How can there be whiteness where there is no blaek? How can there be a body, wheu there is no reflection? Dēva Pāla is an all-powerful king. Thou wilt forget Citaur, when thou hast gone to Kambhal'nēr' (643). Padmāvati bends her brows in wrath. 'Dēva Pāla is my husband's foc. How paltry is the bear compared to the lion; and, lo! a harlot is telling me a love-message from him. Were my lord here he would cut thy nose, and ears, and paint thy face blaek. He would shave thy head, and mount thee on an ass' (644).

¹ So the printed editions. The original was probably a pun, or corrupted form of *svāmī* and *ṣyāma*.

CANTO XL.

THE FALSE YŌGINĪ.

Padmāvati finds a Dharma-çālā, in the hope of earning the release of the king. To every traveller who resorts to it, she gives food and water. From all she asks for news of her husband. The Emperor, hearing of this, sends for a harlot, clever in acting. He dresses her like a Yōginī, and sends her to Citaur with instructions to persuade Padmāvati to become a Yōginī, and to bring her to Delhi. She arrives at Citaur, dressed as a Yōginī (645). She comes begging to the palace door. A maid-servant tells Padmāvati of her. 'A Yōginī is at the door, and beggeth like one who hath lost a beloved. Though still in her first youth, she is living in austerity. She hath torn her veil and hath put on the beggar's blanket. She hath the ashes of separation, and matted hair, a skin over her shoulder, and a rosary round her neck. Her voice is wild, and her very footsteps burn the earth' (646). Padmāvati calls her, and asks her whence she has come. 'Why art thou so distraught?' 'My beloved hath gone to a far country, and for him am I become a Yōginī. What are life and youth and body, when my love is gone? So I tore my veil and took the beggar's blanket. I wander everywhere and eall for him. Though he dwelleth in my heart, he answereth not (647). I have wandered and wandered. I have gone to Banāras, to Gayā, to Jagannāth and Dwāraka, to Kedāranātha and Ayōdhya (648), to Gaumukha, Haridwāra, Nagarakōṭa, the *Tīlā* of Bālanātha and Mathurā, to Suryakuṇḍa, Badarīnātha, Rāmanātha, Gomatī, Gurudwār, Sētubandha, Sumēru, Alakāpura (the city of Kuvēra), Brahmāvarta, Bēnī Saṅgama (*i. e.*, the Prayāga), Nilakanṭha, Miṛikha, Kurajāta, and Gōrakshanātha. I went as far east as Patna, but found not my beloved (649). I wandered everywhere. I saw the Turks at Delhi, and the prisoners of the Emperor. Amongst them I saw one Ratna Sēna, exposed to the sun and denied all shade. I saw other kings prisoners there, who, seeing me to be a Yōginī, fell at my feet, (and implored me to release them). But what could I do. Delhi is not such an easy place. There is no escape from prison there. My body hath lost its soul in compassion at his suffering. How can she live whose husband is such a prisoner?' (650).

Padmāvati learning that her husband is a prisoner, her grief is a hundred-fold intensified. It is like melted butter added to fire. She falls in horror at the Yōginī's feet. 'Let me have thy feet, that I may lay my eyes upon them. O, take me where my husband is! Show him to me as thou hast seen him, and I will give my life to thee as a sacrifice. I will give thee all the rewards of my chastity and religious virtue,

if thou wilt only tell me of him. Thou art *Guru*, I am thy *cēṭi*. I was wandering in error and thou hast shown me the way. Wait for me but for a moment, that I may dress as a *Yōginī* and go with thee.' Her maidens advise her to restrain herself. A *Yōginī* cannot divulge her *Guru's* instructions (651). The maidens (suspecting the falseness of the *Yōginī*, continue to her). 'Take alms *Yōginī*, and go.' Then, to *Padmāvati*, 'Thou wilt not find thy love with such trivial deception. Remain at home till thy husband returneth. Let thy austerity be to remain at home. Instead of thy ascetic's vessel, wear thy modest veil, and for thy ascetic's horn, take thy sighs. For thy matted locks, bear the pangs of separation,' and so on. 'Before going with this woman, first seek advice from *Gōrā* and *Bādal*' (652).

CANTO XLI.

THE COUNSEL OF *Gōrā* AND *Bādal*.

Taking the advice of her maidens, she herself runs on foot to *Gōrā*¹ and *Bādal's* palace. The two heroes come out to meet her. She refuses to be seated. They ask her why she comes in such haste on foot and in public (653). *Padmāvati's* tears. Her distraught condition (654). 'Ye, *Gōrā* and *Bādal* are two pillars. No one is brave in the battlefield like ye. The creeper of separation hath become a tree, and overshadoweth the earth. Let me become a *Yōginī* and run thither where my love is a prisoner. Let me be bound, and let me release him' (655).

Gōrā and *Bādal* are greatly distressed. Say they, 'We were vexed with the king and warned him against entering into treaty with the Turk.² Our suspicions have been realized, but as long as we have life we will not retreat, nor should'st thou become a *Yōginī* while thy husband liveth. Be of good cheer. The star *Canopus*³ is risen, and the *Hathiyā* asterism roars. The waters abate, the king will surely return. The rains are over and *Canopus* appeareth. We will saddle and away. We will smite the demon of eclipse and release the sun, and no root or sprout of grief will remain' (656). *Padmāvati* gives *Gōrā* and *Bādal* the betel, exclaiming, 'To what can I compare you? Ye are like *Hanumān* and *Aṅgada*, like *Arjuna* and *Bhīma*,' and so on. 'As *Hanumān* served *Rāghava*, so do ye the king; as *Bhīma* showed valour in the burning lac house, risking his life for others when he dragged the blazing beam, so do ye' (657). Ye are *Rāma* and *Lakṣ-*

¹ *Gōrā* was *Padmāvati's* uncle and *Bādal* her nephew.

² See 598.

³ *I. e.*, Autumn, when Kings go out to fight. The '*Vikrama Kāla*.'

maṇa, Drōṇa and Gāṅgēya,¹ Nakula and Sahadēva, Yudhiṣṭhira and Duryōdhana, Bhōja and Nala, Rāghava and Paraṣu Rāma, Bharata and Çatruḡhna, opponents of Kaṁça and Cānura, Pradyumna and Aniruddha. Help me as Bhīma helped the Pāṇḍavas' (658). They take the betel, and tell Padmāvati to call her litter and return home; she should not walk. She revives, and returns joyfully to her palace in a way consonant with her dignity (659).

CANTO XLII.

THE DEPARTURE OF GŌRĀ AND BĀDAL.

Yaçōdā, the mother of Bādal, comes and clasps his foot; saying, 'Thou art but a child, what knowest thou of battle? Mighty kings who opposed the Emperor could not protect Hammīra.' Description of the Emperor's power. 'Where great kings crash to ruin, what hast thou to do? To-day is the day for receiving thy bride home from her father's house. Remain at home and be happy' (660). Bādal,—'Mother, think not of me as a green boy. I am Bādal, the lion of battle. When a lion heareth a herd of elephants his soul is mightily moved, and his lion-ness² cannot be hidden. I am ready to fight the Emperor alone. I would stand before a mad elephant unmoved, and tear its trunk and out-root its tusks. I will plant myself in the battle-field firm as Aṅgada. Consider me not as a child. Where'er the king is imprisoned, there will I enter and release him, even if it be hell' (661). As Bādal equips himself for battle, the marriage procession of Bādal's bride approaches. The bride appears, moonfaced, and brave in all her finery. Her beauty. She laments when she hears of her husband's departure; 'As I arrive at my husband's gate, he departeth to a distant land.' Her bridesmaids try in vain to console her (662). She casts aside her veil, and stands humbly at the door. She casts a piercing glance at Bādal and gathers up her raiment, but her husband looks another way and hardens his heart. Then she smiles and looks towards him, but he turns his back to her. Turning his face away he is wroth, 'I will not walk towards the woman's face.' The bride wonders at his ill-omened conduct. She is too modest to address him (663). Then she considers, 'I have not gained my love by my modesty, let me cast it aside and address him?' She smiles and catches his waist-band, saying, 'A husband should not refuse his wife's request. To-day I am come for the first time from my father's house, and thou, my love, art going to the battle. I have left my home but to meet thee; what leaving home is that, when my lord leaves me?

¹ The grandfather of Bhīṣma.

² Rāj'pūts call themselves *Siṁha*, lion.

The bride hath not seen her beloved even one eye-full, and the beloved hath not yet met the bride once in his life. I am a lotus full of hope of union, and the bee who sippeth my nectar should not desert me. I lay my forehead at thy feet, (Hear me, my Lord), and, lo, now thy feet are bound in the tangles of my locks, so, how can'st thou leave me?' (664). Bādal,—'Lady, loose my waist-band. When a husband goeth forth to war, his wife should never grasp it. 'Tis true, fair lady, that for thee to-day is thy starting for thy new home, but for me it is the starting for where my king is in prison. Till my king return free, heroism alone fills my soul, not love. Women and land are hand-maidens of the sword, whoso sword conquereth them, to him do they belong. In whoso house the sword is pulled from the fist of the wielder, there is there no virile power, no moustache nor beard. On my face hair has come, let me play with life for a stake, and earn heaven in my master's service. The word of a man ne'er turneth backwards, e'en as the tooth of an elephant, once grown, doth not return into his mouth. Thou art but a girl, O lady, and understandest not. He who fighteth understandeth. A man whose heart is full of war, careth not for love.' (665). The bride replies,—'If thou would'st fight, I have made preparations for a love conflict. My bosom have I made the van, and the army of love in wrath is routing the troops of separation. My heroism is the vermilion on my brow, like the red blood on a naked sword. My brow is a bow, and mine eyes provide the arrows,' and so on. 'First fight with me and then think of war' (666). She is unsuccessful in her entreaties. She weeps, in vain (667).

CANTO XLIII.

THE TALE OF GŌRĀ AND BĀDAL.

Gōrā and Bādal consult together. They determine to meet deceit with deceit. They will deal with the Emperor as he has done with them (668). They prepare 1,600 covered litters, and fill them with knights. They prepare one special litter to represent that of Padmāvati, in which sits concealed a smith. They adorn it, and surround it with maidens with waving chowries. They cover the litters with jewelled covers. They accompany the litters, proclaiming that Padmāvati is travelling. 'The Queen is going to release the king, offering herself as a hostage. Thirty thousand horses is she taking, and sixteen hundred litters' (669).

Gōrā goes to the jailor in whose charge the king is. He gives him 10 lākhs of rupees as a bribe and flatters him. 'I supplicate the

Emperor. Padmāvati is come, saying, "I am come humbly to Delhi with the keys of Citaur." She begs, that as she has the keys of the treasury with her, she may obtain permission to see the king for one hour, to make over the keys to him. She will then present herself to the Emperor in the palace.' The jailor, when he sees the bribe, becomes like water. Reflections on the effect on the moral character of taking bribes (670). Under the influence of the bribe the jailor omits to examine the litters. He goes to the Emperor, and says, 'O sun of the earth, the moon hath come, and all the planets and stars with her in 1,600 litters. Padmāvati has come with the keys of the treasury of Citaur. She begs, with folded hands, that she may make them over to the king, for one hour. She begs that she may first see her husband, and then she will come into thy female apartments' (671). The Emperor gives the order to allow one hour's interview, and the royal litter goes in to the king with the others. The smith who is inside disguised as Padmāvati gets out, cuts the king's fetters and makes obeisance. Fury rises in the king's heart as he is made free. He leaps on to a horse and roars like a lion. Gōrā and Bādal grasp their swords, and the other knights mounting their horses all stand ready. Each considers himself devoted to death and slays his thousands. News of the trick, and that they have cut their way out, is brought to the Emperor (672). They take the king off to Citaur. They are pursued by the Emperor with an immense army. Gōrā says to Bādal, 'One eclipse is over, another is about to commence. See the immense army.' Bādal replies, 'Do thou accompany the flight of the king, and I will stay behind and meet the Emperor's troops. I would play a game of polo with the Emperor, and do it alone. I will earn my name of Bādal, when I carry off the ball from the field' (673). Gōrā insists on Bādal accompanying the king, while he stays behind. He is old, what regret will there be for his death. He keeps a thousand knights with him, and sends the others with Bādal, and the King. He awaits with his thousand men, the onset of the Emperor (674). The game of polo begins in right earnest. Poetical comparison of the game of polo to the sport of a woman's love (675). Gōrā roars a challenge in the battle (676). The battle. The charge of Gōrā and his companions (677). The thousand knights are slaughtered one by one. Not one turns his bridle, all their wounds are in front; as one falls another presses forward to die in his place. Finally they are all killed, and Gōrā alone remains alive (678). Gōrā sees that all his companions are dead, and knows that his fate is at hand. He flings himself furiously into the battle, one against thousands, but does not die. He fights desperately. The Emperor orders him to be taken alive without delay,

for Ratna Sēna is escaping (680). The Turks call upon him to surrender. He replies not. He looks upon his death as certain, and refuses to be taken alive. No one captures a lion alive. When he is dead they may drag him as they will. He is determined to cover Ratna's retreat (681). Sur'jā,¹ the wrestler, attacks him, with Mīr Ḥanẓa, 'Alī, Ayūb and Tāyā, the general who had conquered Landhaur. Gōrā is struck in the belly with a javelin, and as it is withdrawn his bowels fall out. A bard exclaims, 'Well done, Prince. Carry thy entrails on thy shoulder that thy horse may not tread on them'² (682). Gōrā cries, 'It is the end, I must fall to the earth. It is the end, and my head must roll in the dust.'—He rushes upon Sur'jā, who again wounds him with a javelin, while Gōrā strikes him with his sword. He strikes a second blow which Sur'jā receives on his shield, and a third which falls on his helmet (683). Sur'jā finally strikes a terrible blow and smashes Gōrā's head.³ The portents which occur at Gōrā's death. Thus Gōrā dies, and the gods bring him water, while Bādāl escorts the king safely to Citaur (684).

Padmāvati's joy at hearing of her husband's release (685). The rejoicings when they meet. She worships his feet, and he kisses her head (686). Padmāvati expresses her desire to sacrifice herself for him (687). Then she addresses Bādāl and praises him (688). The King tells her the horrors of his imprisonment. His only consolation was the hope of meeting her again (689). Padmāvati tells the story of her sorrow (690).

CANTO XLIV.

THE TALE OF DĒVA PĀLA.

Padmāvati continues,—'In addition to this I tell a thing that wringeth my soul. A cruel mountain of sorrow fell on me. Dēva Pāla sent a bawd, in disguise of a Brāhmaṇī, who came to me deceitfully. Her words were like poison to me. I restrained my five senses, and I repeatedly mortified myself' (691). When he hears the conduct of Dēva Pāla, a hard thorn falls into the heart of the King. He determines to seize Dēva Pāla before the Turk arrives at Citaur. He remains awake the whole night. Next morning he sets out to besiege Kam-bhal'nēr, a difficult fort to take. Ho has a terrible fight (692).

¹ See 527.

² This refers to an old Rāj'pūt legend. The poet is hardly responsible for it.

³ In the original the sound excellently re-echoes the sense.

CANTO XLV.

THE FIGHT WITH DĒVA PĀLA.

Dēva Pāla roars forth in the battle to Ratna, 'Let me and thee fight in single combat.' He strikes Ratna in the belly with a poisoned javelin, which pierces through his body and comes out at the back. Ratna himself strikes Dēva Pāla and cuts off his head. He then falls senseless, and loses his power of speech. He is brought home on a bed (693).

CANTO XLVI.

THE END OF THE KING.

The King dies, after making over charge of the fort to Bādal (694). Padmāvati dons her silken *sārī* and goes forth with her beloved to the pyre. She adorns herself to become Satī (695).

CANTO XLVII.

THE SATĪ.

Both Nāgamatī and Padmāvati become Satis (696). They prepare the pyre, distribute alms, circumambulate seven times, and are burnt without contortion of a single limb (697).

While they are burning with their beloved the Emperor comes and besieges the fort. He hears the fate of Ratna and Padmāvati and throwing a handful of ashes in the air, declares that all the world is illusion. His whole army does the same, and cries, 'Until this dust falls on our tombs, the desire of the world will not be satisfied.' Then they take the fort by assault, and Bādal dies fighting in the gate.

Before the Emperor's army takes it, the women of Citaur immolate themselves, and the men all die in battle. He destroys the city, and CITAU BECAME ISLĀM (698).

'I asked the meaning of all this from learned men, and they told me that they understood it not. The fourteen continents are all in man's body. Citaur is the body, and the King is the soul. Sindhaldvīpa is the heart, and Padmāvati is wisdom. The parrot is the *Guru*, who showeth the right way, without whom the world is void of quality, and Nāgamatī is the cares of this world, and he is saved who is not caught by her. Rāghava, the pandar, is Satan, and 'Alāu'd-din, the Emperor, is illusion. So meditate on this love-story, and let him who can understand Turkish, Arabic, Hindūī, whatever languages there are, in whatever tongue the way of love is told, all praise it (699).

‘I Muḥammad have collected and written this book. He who heareth it may gain the pangs of love. I collected and joined it with my heart’s blood, and, with the love of love, mine eyes flowed tears. Knowing this did I compose my lay, that so a mark might remain of me in this world. *Where is now that Ratna Sēna, and where that wisdom-bearing parrot? Where is that ‘Alāu’d-dīn the Emperor, and where that Rāghava who told him tales? Where is that lovely swan Padmāvati? Naught of them hath remained, but their story. Happy is she whose fame is like unto hers. The flower may die, but its odour remaineth ever.*¹ Who hath not sold his fame in the world, and who hath not bought it? If a man read this lay and also remember me, he hath bought two-fold weight, (*i. e.*, he benefiteth himself and me) (700).

‘Muḥammad, thou art old. Thy youth is gone. Thy strength is departed and thy body is lean. Thy sight is gone and thine eyes give naught but tears. Thy teeth are gone and thy cheeks are sunken. Thy tongue is stiff and thy words are halting. Thy wisdom is gone and people call thee mad. Thy pride is gone and thy head is bent. Thine ears are gone and thou only hearest those who speak loud. The blackness of thy locks is gone, and thy head shaketh. The black bee of thy locks is gone and hath left them grey. Thy youth hath won the game and carried it off for its prize. As long as there is life, youth remaineth, but when death comes, it becometh another’s.

‘When an old man noddeth his head, it shaketh in anger on that account (that his youth is gone). Who was it that blessed me and wished that I might live to (forsooth) a good old age?’ (701).

APPENDIX I.

LIST OF FLOWERS AND TREES.

In several passages Malik Muḥammad gives long lists of names of flowering plants and of trees. Their identification has been difficult, the ordinary dictionaries having been found to be untrustworthy guides. The following is a list of most of the names which occur. The spelling of the vernacular words is only provisional, pending the fixing of a correct text.

I know nothing of botany myself, and must express my acknowledgments to Dr. Prain, of the Botanical Gardens, Sibpur, for the identifications given. The list will be found useful by future lexico-

graphers. Many of the plants named are little known, and a convenient list giving the scientific nomenclature authoritatively has long been wanted.

- Ājīri*, the common Fig, *Ficus carica*, *L.*
- Amṛita bēli*, (?) the Black Currant, *Ribes nigrum*, *L.*
- Āna*, ? *Āolā*, the Emblic Myrabolan, *Phyllanthus emblica*, *L.*
- Āba*, or *āma*, the Mango, *Mangifera Indica*, *L.*
- Āma*, see *Āba*.
- Imīli*, the Tamarind, *Tamarindus Indica*, *L.*
- Kaṭahari*, the Jack-fruit, *Artocarpus integrifolia*, *L.*
- Kadamba*, the Kuddum, *Anthocephalus cadamba*, *Miq.*
- Kamarakha*, the Avertroa, *Averhoa carambola*, *L.*
- Karaūḍā* see *Rāi-karaūḍā*.
- Karanā*, the Citron, *Citrus medica*, *L.*, var. *acida*, *Brandis*, *C. acida*, *Roxb.*
- Kisimisa*, the Grape Vine, *Vitis vinifera*, *L.* The same as *dākha*. A Persian form.
- Kunda*, the Indian Jasmine, *Jasminum pubescens*, *Willd.*
- Kūjā*, a kind of Rose, *Rosa Brunoniana*, *Lindl.*
- Keorā*, see *kētakī*.
- Kētakī*, or *keorā*, The Fragrant Serew-pine. *Pandanus odoratissimus*, *L.*
- Kērā*, the Plantain, *Musa paradisiaca*, *L.*
- Kēsara*, the Safflower, *Croceus sativus*, *L.*
- Khajūra*, the Date-palm, *Phoenix sylvestris*, *L.*
- Khīranī*, the Mimosops hexandra, *Roxb.*
- Khurukurī*, the *Khurkur*, *Ficus cunia*, *Ham.*
- Galagala*, the Elephant Lemon, or Kumaon Lemon, *Citrus Limonium*, *L.*
- Gulāla*, the common Basil, see below. *Ocimum Basilicum*, *L.*
- Guā*, the Areca-nut palm, *Areca catechu*, *L.* Roxburgh says this is the Bengali name of *supārī*.
- Camēli*, the Arabian Jasmine, *Jasminum sambac*, *Ait.*
- Campā*, the Champak, *Michelia champaca*, *L.*
- Cīraūjī*, *Buchanania latifolia*, *Roxb.* Its kernels are used instead of the *desī bādāma*.
- Chohārā*, the Date-palm, *Phoenix dactylifera*, *L.*
- Jābhīrī*, the Orange Citron, *Citrus medica*, *L. var.*
- Jāiphara*, the Nutmeg, *Myristica officinalis*, *L. fl.*
- Jāmuna*, the Black Wild Plum, *Eugenia jambolana*, *L.*
- Jāhī*, the Spanish Jasmine. *Jasminum grandiflorum*, *L.*
- Jūhī*, a variety of Indian Jasmine, *Jasminum auriculatum*, *Vahl.*
- Tāra*, the Palmyra Palm, *Borassus flabelliformis*, *L.*
- Turuñja*, the Citron proper, *Citrus medica*, *L.*
- Tūti*, the Mulberry, *Morus Indica*, *L.*

- Dākha*, the Grape Vine, the Hindi name of *Kisimisa*, *Vitis vinifera*, L.
- Dārīā*, or *dārīma*, the Pomegranate, *Punica granatum*, L.
- Nariara*, the Coecanutt, *Cocos nucifera*, L.
- Nāgēsara*, the Rose Chesnut, *Mesua ferrea*, L.
- Nārāga*, the Orange, *Citrus aurantium*, L.
- Nimbu*, or *Nīu*.
- Nīu*, or *nimbu*, the Sour Lime, *Citrus aida*, Roxb.
- Newañjī* or *nyañjī*, the Red Currant, *Ribes rubrum*, L. The name is only known in Lāhūl now-a-days.
- Nyañjī*, see *Newañjī*.
- Bakaurī*, the Abelia, *Abelia triflora*, Br. Most of the species are Japanese and Chinese. This one is found in the N.-W. Himālaya.
- Badaharī*, the Barhal, *Artocarpus lakoocha*, Roxb.
- Badāma*, the almond, not the *Terminalia catappa*, but the *Prunus Amygdalus*, Baill.
- Bēri* or *baira*, the Jujube, *Zizyphus jujuba*, L.
- Bolasari*, see *mōlasari*.
- Mahuā*, the Mahoowa tree, *Bassia latifolia*, Roxb.
- Mālatī*, the Clove-scented Aganosma, *Aganosma earyophyllata*, Don.
- Mōlasari* or *Bolasari*, the *Mimusops elengi*, Linn.
- Rāi-karāūdā*, the Corinda, *Carissa carandas*, L.
- Rasa belī*, the Wax-plant, or Honey-plant, *Hoya lanceolata*, Wall.
- Saṅkhadrāu*, Sorrel, *Rumex vesicarius*, L.
- Satībaraga* or *Sadabaraga*, the Marigold, *Calendula officinalis*, L.
- Siṅgārahāra*, the Weeping Nyctanthes. *Nyctanthes arbor-tristis*, L.
- Sudarāsana*, the Rose-apple, *Eugenia jambos*, L.
- Supārī*, see *Guā*, the Arcea-nut palm, *Arcea catechu*, L.
- Seotī*, the Dog-rose, *Rosa glandulifera*, Roxb.
- Sēu*, the apple, *Pyrus malus*, L.
- Sōñjarāda*, the Oleaster or Wild Olive, *Elaeagnus conferta*, Roxb.
- Hariphāryaurī*, the Indian Gooseberry, *Rhodomyrtus tomentosa*, Wight.

Dr. Prain continues:—

‘By the bye, the majority of the names have a Pañjābī ring about them, and most of the plants that are not natives of the N.-W. Provinces are ones that come from the West (Pañjāb to Persia), or that come from the Kumoān Hills, rather low down.

‘Thus, taking the flowers—

‘The *kadamba*, *karanā*, *kunda*, *campā*, *jūhī*, *mālatī*, *siṅgārahāra*, and *sudarāsana* might be natives of the writer’s country. (But the *kadamba* may have been introduced from the Lower Provinces.)

‘The *kēsara*, *camēli*, *jāhī*, *satībaraga*, are Western plants introduced before his time to Oude. (The *jāhī* may also be from Kumāon.)

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